

BF 1301

.P55

Thy Brother Shall  
Rise Again

---

DOROTHY PIERCE



Class BF 1301

Book .P55

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>                     

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT**







# THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN

BY

DOROTHY PIERCE



The Christopher Publishing House  
Boston, Massachusetts

BF1301  
.P55

*Copyright 1921*  
BY THE CHRISTOPHER PUBLISHING HOUSE

JUL 19 1921

©CL A617693

no 1

G.E.M. July 21/21

*Affectionately Dedicated to  
Philip's Wife and Daughters*



## INTRODUCTION

I should like my readers to understand that I consider these messages not at all personal in an exclusive sense. On the contrary, what urges me to publish them is my very sincere conviction that they are typical of what many others would say to their loved ones on earth if they had the opportunity.

I know that millions have had experiences identical with mine. I know that the shock of death and subsequent grief to my family and myself have been no greater than to others. We are all bound by common sorrow—then let us also rejoice together!

It is not at all necessary for me to detail the circumstances of my brother's passing. Suffice it to say that it was very recent. We all know only too well the horror of the shock, the relief of tears, then the determination to be brave and to live for others, and finally the settling down to the daily routine, (as though that routine could ever be the same!)

But there is one step beyond this—to forget? Nay, memory of the one in the Beyond is our dearest blessing. But there is an upward and onward step—communion, reunion, and final restoration of the loved one. I be-

lieve that in this and in this alone lies our comfort.

The prologue which follows is written as my brother gave it to me by means of automatic writing, as are all the following messages. When he learned of my intention to compile his messages in book form, he expressed the wish to write a prologue. I feel that he has succeeded in introducing himself far better than I could have done for him, for his very soul is in that letter.

This book is offered with one purpose only—to endeavor to add what I can of comfort and assurance of the unreality of death to all who have passed through the Valley of the Shadow.

Dorothy Pierce.

## PROLOGUE

Dear Everybody:

Sis is getting out this book for me and I can assure you it is straight from the shoulder.

Most of you have a loved one or ones on this side. They love you just as dearly as you love them and probably more, for here love becomes a more glorious power than is yet known to the dear old earth. Yes, it is a "dear old earth"—that's what we call it, and do you know why? We call it that because in most of our cases it still holds what is so dear and near to our hearts, *you* whom we love as God intended from the beginning.

Think of this for a moment: do you know that God is Love? And do you know that on this great truth hangs the eternal destiny of all our lives? It is He who has created this love between us on this side and you on that, a love which outlives seeming death. I call it "seeming death" because there is not an atom of reality in it. Does it appeal to your sense of logic and reason that a God who is a God of Love, would create and cause love between his children and then arbitrarily choose to snatch them from each other? Do you suppose that a God of Love takes fiendish glee in such an



action? Take care, then, when you say that "God took so-and-so." I tell you He not only *did not* but *could not* do such a thing, by virtue of His very nature which is Love.

We are not dead, not any of us, not nearly so dead as the majority of you on the earth, for we have not succumbed to even the thought of death as so many of you are doing, (many of you, but not all), because if you are not, then why the tears, the grief, etc.?

Now don't misunderstand us on this side. We aren't blaming you, for had you been the ones to pass through the change, we probably would have taken it harder than you do; but we do feel that it is up to you all to do your part as we are trying to do ours. And you have the advantage over us, for to you has been given the key which will unlock the door that bars you from seeing us and communicating with us.

And do we want you again? Oh, give us the chance to prove our love, our undying, eternal affection!

We are busy here all the time. No one is idle in a Heavenly state of things; but time is nothing in God's Kingdom, and our reunion with you *here and now* is an integral part of His Tender and Gracious Plan, for thus we will be reciprocal sources of inspiration to each other.

Your Christ came to abolish the law of death. The Bible tells you clearly and simply

how He did it, *and adds* that in all things you should be like unto Him. So why do you shut up this law and lay it away on the shelf of "undemonstrable theories," especially when Christ commanded you to do the very opposite thing?

God bless you all anyway, you who do and you who don't believe. And may He so inspire your very souls that you just can't help shouting for joy!

Yours affectionately,  
P. M. P.



## PART ONE

“Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her, **THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN.** Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? And she saith unto him, Yea, Lord.

“Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him and let him go.”

(John XI).



# Thy Brother Shall Rise Again

## CHAPTER ONE

It makes me feel badly whenever any of you speak of missing me and I do wish you would try even more to realize that death is just what you make it—like life. You see, in reality I am no more dead nor even away, than you are! Suppose that you were able to see me at all times: you would see me talking with you, standing among you, and being a part of you, just as you are a part of each other. Now whether or not it appears that way to you, I really am just as close to you as that, and in order to feel the truth of it, you must believe first of all on Faith—then gradually it will dawn upon you that your faith was not an imaginary, but a real thing, as real and more real than many things which you already believe *absolutely*. In this way you can get to feel me and see me.

Listen—here is what happens at death—*nothing*—Get me? Nothing, absolutely—why, we don't even change our ideas about our bodies' being made of matter for quite a while after death (so-called) has occurred.

It seemed to me after I died that I was there—only different—that is, whereas I had

been feeling so sick, I suddenly felt relieved—as though an enormous weight which oppressed me was being lifted, and instead of that stifling sensation, I felt full of life, glorious life! And my breath came naturally and easily.

I looked about in no little surprise, wondering what doctor or nurse had suddenly relieved me so, and as I turned and put out my hand, I felt Someone take me firmly in His grasp and hold me, and I saw a man looking at me so tenderly—“This,” I thought, “must be Dad, and he has come to save me!” And as though guessing my thought, this Wonderful Person spoke softly: “Your Father, indeed, son, and He has come to make you whole forevermore! Yet a little while and you will understand.”

And then He must have flashed the thought to me, for I knew I had died—and yet I was living! I turned to look for you, Connie (referring to his wife, Constance), to tell you right away before you had the chance to realize what had happened, that there was no such thing as death, but that there was only life, ever and ever more abundant and beautiful! But you were not able to know then; and so I tried to tell Mother—but she was hard to reach too—then a veil fell—I could see nothing more for a while: only I heard you both weeping and saying, “Is he gone? Is he dead?” And before anyone could answer, I shouted, “No, no! Not



that! Connie, my wife! Mother! For God's sake, listen to me!"

But you evidently did not hear me, and then Dad came, and it was very dark about you all. I saw Dad coming and as he approached the house, I walked with him and screamed and shouted and implored, "Dad! Dad! Here I am! Don't believe them when they tell you I am dead, for I am not. Here I am—oh, Dad!"

But something in Dad's face, the same as in yours and Mother's, Connie, made me turn away for help. And Christ was there and urged me to leave you all for a little while and to go with Him. And I asked Him to tell you all, and I asked who would take care of my Connie and my babies, and He said, pointing up, "God, the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost." And looking up, I saw a Light, and as its rays fell down upon me, I began to understand, and a great peace calmed me and I said, "All is well with me, Lord. I thank thee."

Then came the first wonderful visions of Paradise—I can describe these better later.

God keep you all and bless you for your faith.

\* \* \*

(The following message is from a soldier to his mother. I asked him to describe for her his experience in passing.)

It was all so holy and wonderful. You will know some day and then you will under-

stand why I can't describe it right. Tell mother that I did not suffer at all and that I thought of her when I saw Christ, and I thought of Dad and I remembered all they had told me about Him, and I found it was more than true. He is wonderful beyond all human conception.

\* \* \*

(Philip writes later.) Constance, you must love God and obey Him only—remember “not my will but Thine be done.” Jesus prayed this when He was about to make the supreme sacrifice, more of a sacrifice than any of us have been asked to bear. Besides, we are only in different states of consciousness; our souls and bodies being one, are never separated, for the body is the temple of the soul. A day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day in God's sight, so believe. It is as hard for me as it is for you. You seem to feel that it is easier here. *It is not.* It is harder here in many ways than it is on earth, for we have to bear the grief of our loved ones if we would be near, and I have to bear both your grief and mine when you doubt. So won't you help me? This is the Truth, God's own Truth; I am not dead but living, so why mourn? Until you stop mourning, our progress is checked, and we will be separated longer because I shall move on to a higher plane soon, *and so can you*, but not until you stop mourning. *If you are coming with me, you do not have to die*, but we

travel together in heaven while still you appear to be on earth, see? You are really moving to a higher plane, according as you conquer your wrong belief. Mourning is a sin. People climb upwards in God's Kingdom all the time, no matter what state of consciousness or what plane they inhabit.

There is no time to lose, for time is not wasted in Heaven. We all must go on here, and I will have to go too. If you are coming you must be cheerful.

\* \* \*

(An uncle describes his passing after a long sickness as follows:) I saw Christ and He relieved my false belief of suffering. I was very tired, very, and rested a long time. I don't know just how long I slept, but the waking was wonderful! Christ helped me up and I stood by Him and He said: "Son, arise. Thy sins are forgiven thee. Thou art made whole. I will stay by thee and comfort thee."

And then, oh, then! wonderful vision! I saw angels coming and they took me by the hand and lifted me—they left me in the company of beautiful souls who explained things to me and they stayed by me, for I did not know—I was so tired, so dazed! I have so much to say, but it is hard. I haven't done any work, but I worship Christ by thinking of His Goodness and by trying to realize His Wonderful Plan! I never knew God could be so good, so tender, so fatherly, so beauti-

ful! (He ended by urging me to try to make his wife believe, saying that it was causing him much grief to see her mourn.)

\* \* \*

(A very young boy who served in the recent war writes concerning death.) It's a cinch to die—nothing to it at all, and it really is a great experience, believe me! You should see all the fellows here who are anxious to get word across to their people! But most of them don't stand any chance because so few believe. I wish I could talk to my mother! She seems to feel that she is never going to see me again, and in reality I am before her all the time! (I asked him if he had seen my brother.) Well, I have seen him but I didn't know he was your brother. He is always ready to cheer up anybody and, believe me, he can do it! He is a great fellow to know and you must sure miss him a lot, but he tells me that you talk with him all the time. He seems so happy to think that you all believe. I don't blame him. If only my people would believe!

\* \* \*

(Philip writes to my younger brother.) Today I saw many things that would interest you, kid. I saw a crowd of boys about your age all talking together and they seemed to be discussing things that happened on earth. They looked at everything that bothered them there as a joke, and I would often hear one say: "Gosh! And I let



that bother me! Why did I let that get my goat?" etc., etc.

Kid, the spiritual life is all that counts, so fire away! Let your life prove that you have a big brother in heaven. You must show to the world that you have good proof of your belief by the fact of your Christian-like character. Work is a manifestation of God, just as much as worship. You must remember to put Christ first and if you allow the thought of Him to be always uppermost in your mind, you will see how easy and successful a Christ-life is to lead.

\* \* \*

(Philip at another time described the sensation of the passing.) Imagine this: suppose you went out of town for a while, and upon returning, you find the folks weeping and wailing and claiming that you had gone and left them forever. You look on in surprise and immediately start to reassure them. You tell them that you have not gone forever, but are even now returned. The folks do not see you nor seem to hear your words. You put your arms around them, but they do not feel you. You begin to realize then that something is wrong either with you or the folks.

You are about to decide that you are dreaming, when Christ comes and takes you by the hand and explains the Truth of God's love to you. Then it is that you see who is dreaming, and the grief is for those of the

mistaken ideas, and not for the one who has in truth seen Christ. It was as real as just that, and was hard for me to realize at first. It grieved me to see you, but now I see you all reaching out and trying to see me and hear my words when I am shouting in your ears.

\*   \*   \*

(A very dear friend of mine who was greatly misunderstood during her earthly life, describes her passing and first experiences on the other side as follows.) Christ took me to my lovely mother when I passed over the border, and then with a wonderful smile He left us together. I haven't seen Him since, but mother and father have seen Him often.

I am going to see so many wonderful things! They tell me that I can travel all over God's Universe. I tried to see as many of His beauties as I could afford on earth, but there was more for me to see than I could afford. So now my opportunity has come, and I shall see the earth first and then the heavenly realms; but it seems that both are cojoined in some mysterious way.

When first I arrived, I found myself reclining on a beautiful bed of flowers. (She had always been intensely fond of flowers.) Christ was standing over me and the sound of His voice gently aroused me from my slumber: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. Whosoever believeth on Me shall

never die! Daughter of God, arise and accept thine inheritance, for verily thou hast been faithful unto the end."

He then lifted me up in his arms, and pointing to the magnificent garden, said: "Why weepest thou? Understandest thou not the love of God for His children? Come, see who approaches;" and over the flowers father and mother were coming to me, hands clasped, smiling, radiant, and a light came from them and a Light came from Christ, and I was ashamed, for I was not clothed as they.

But looking down, I saw—oh, I am a child of Light, I also, a child of True Radiant Light! My body seemed to shine and I felt so different! My head seemed to clear and my back straightened and I suddenly felt full of strength. I rushed to my father and mother, weeping for joy, and I did not crush a flower as I trod upon them. They seemed to glow and also to radiate differently colored lights!

It is impossible to express my joy, my happiness. Don't ever weep for me, but strive to uplift your own soul and mind to the Understanding of Goodness and Beauty and the Delights of the Lord.

After Christ left us, we walked through gardens and meadows, on and on, past beautiful houses, and from each came someone to greet me in the love of the Father, people whom I had never known or seen. I asked



if this was what happened to everyone and I was told that it was not, but that my life had been starved for more love. That is the first lesson I have to learn, God's love for us and the love of His children for all others.

And oh, Dorothy, as we walked on, we came to an exquisite building of white marble. It glistened in the light and shone in brilliancy. As we approached, I could hear the voices of little children laughing and singing, and suddenly I could see them running towards me from the distance, with cries of: "There she is! There she is! Hurry! Hurry!" Soon I was surrounded by them. They kissed my hands, my garments, and pressed their dear little faces against mine, kissing me and loving me, and saying: "We love; God loves you; everybody loves you. See, and our heavenly daddy loves you. Look and see what he has done for you." They led me to the beautiful marble mansion, *and at the top of the stairs stood Philip!* (My brother had always been a great favorite of hers. In fact, she had taken a great deal of care of him when he was a baby, and we had never told her of his passing, as she was very feeble at the time.) I could not speak with wonderment and he said, opening his arms to me: "It is yours, all yours. These little ones have done it for you." And I said, "But I do not deserve such love from them. I am not worthy." And Philip replied, "Do you think He would allow one to

go unrewarded who understood the love of a child? This is the reward for your thoughtfulness and faithfulness and love towards children while on earth! And these children call me their heavenly daddy, because their own daddies are on earth still. There are many fellows who are in the same position as I am, and who understand fatherhood. We volunteered for the work and we each have a houseful of children to teach and comfort as their own fathers would do."

Philip is going to take me to his home soon; but now I am content for a while to learn to know my own. I sit and look at the beautiful flowers which fill every room with their fragrance. A garden surrounds the house and Philip's little charges have promised to come and play in it every day. Besides, they are going to teach me love and joy forever. Goodby for a little while. Think of me as sitting in a palace of Love and flowers, where all is glad and light and merry, and where little children talk of Love and Blessedness in Christ Jesus' name forever. Amen.

\* \* \*

(Later Philip speaks again of his work.) Dot, you should see me. The house is chuck full of kids, all romping and playing, and I never let a tear fall. I will never let them miss their mothers or fathers or loved ones.

Today I went to the other side of a river, and there I found two little children who had

just left your earth plane. They were crying and I took them up in my arms and kissed them and comforted them, and they seemed to feel all right. They were frightened to be alone without their mothers and needed someone to comfort them.

\* \* \*

(A soldier writes of his work in that Realm Beautiful.) My work has been to help the boys who have "gone West," as we used to say. I have helped so many and made them understand by explaining to them what I have learned since my arrival here. Oh, Dorothy, you should see them! You are a woman and can understand what love is. Those who have left you girls behind will grieve for you until you come to them through some means of communication. If you know of any girl who has lost a husband or fiancé, won't you please urge her to get in touch with him immediately? And waste no time about it, for their grief is really awful! I always thought that in Heaven there was no grief, but, God! I have seen such grief here as I have never witnessed on earth! It is a terrible thing to think of the doubt of you people on the earth plane, and to feel that we can do nothing until you call for us with your very soul's yearning! Tell mother and dad that I simply cannot come to their hearts, unless they open the channel by believing and wiping out all doubt and fear of such messages. Of course, they may

have difficulty in believing that I am really their son, but they must take so much on faith and try themselves to reach me. I can easily eliminate all doubt from their minds if they will. Get them to try this stunt. They can do it.

\* \* \*

(Another friend writes of his work.) I am so full of my work and its wonderful opportunities, that I hardly know just what to tell first. Everything is so soon to reach perfection that I am wondering why it isn't more recognizable even now. I mean that now I understand so well the ultimate outcome of everything that I already see its accomplishment! You see, here as soon as a good deed is thought of, it is accomplished. That is the way goodness always should work—instantaneously.

I am with Philip almost continually. We often help each other in our work, and we laugh and worship and rest and sing Hosannas to the God of Goodness who sits higher than the loveliest thoughts of men!

Heaven bless you and keep you sweet as the flowers that grow in Paradise.

## CHAPTER TWO

(Philip tells of an interesting experience as follows.) Today I have been showing a couple of fellows who arrived only a short time ago just what there is to life. I think they had both led somewhat worthless lives, and they were so plunged into the mire of their own ideas, that they could hardly see or even imagine a perfect idea. They can't seem to grasp the idea that there is really a God, a Father, a *real* one, who loves them dearly and who created the whole universe. They had an idea that things were and were and had no particular meaning. They had seen Christ, but they are not ready as yet to receive His Bountiful Love, for they must first be taught what it is.

Oh, the pity of these poor worthless lives, when they could have been so full of value for God! Isn't it too bad that every one of us here can't take every one of you there, and just tell you everything! Why, if that could be so, the whole world would be changed—and *yet God would have it so, but the earth plane people will not*, for they will not all believe, and even though they do believe, they will give up the fight. And it is a fight, if you would grow spiritually, a fight



against your own doubts and fears and imaginings.

I have been very busy all this time trying to do God's work as is pleasing to Him. I have helped many out of their doubts, and I can say that doubt is the worst enemy of man. Do you tell people I am dead, or do you tell them the truth—that I am not dead? It is up to you who love us to proclaim to the world that there is no death! Don't be ashamed of it—shout it to the world from the house-tops and the Glory of God shall crown your noble effort!

\* \* \*

We don't have to send love—it just naturally goes—real love is never sent, but radiated from God. It is a continual state. Oh, Glory to God in the highest and peace to your heart, Connie dear. Your husband is living forever, and death is actually swallowed in victory! No joke about that—it will be a far greater victory than that of the Allies over the Germans, because that is a temporary one, but victory over death is an eternal one.

You should know God as we do. He is just right, and far more wonderful and perfect than any of us can imagine by the greatest stretch of conceivable imagination. He wants us to tell Him of our loved ones; He listens so sympathetically, and speaks in such marvelous tones such words as: "I know, son; thinkest thou that I who am the

Creator of Love and the Creator of man, understandest not thy feelings? Nay, thy very soul is clear to me, and the thoughts of thy heart. Be comforted, rejoice, for I will give thee all that thou asketh in my name."

\* \* \*

Dot, I am working most of the time. There are many people who are going to get together and see if they can't influence earth conditions and make things actually better through those who can manage to get in touch with people on earth. They have asked me to help them out, and so I am going to do *some*! Just wait and see the marvels that will soon be demonstrated by those who dare. I believe in giving the people on earth a good shaking up once in a while. Give them something strong which they can't help seeing and understanding. It strikes me that the people here don't go at it right—they only half succeed. That is because they rely too much on their own powers and not enough on Christ. What's the use of stumbling along, doing things half right, when you have every opportunity of learning the right way?

So a bunch of us are going to try to actually do something. You see, it's like this: many people here are placed in a similar position to mine, their whole family, wife, and children, in fact, all belonging to them immediately, are still on the earth. Naturally all of us are just as anxious and even more



so, to see earth conditions improved here and now for their sakes, as we are to see our own immediate conditions bettered. We realize eternities and are not fettered by many of the beliefs and consequent conditions that you are. It's up to us to get busy and see what can be done. We're going to prove to you that we haven't gone away and left you and become so absorbed in our own surroundings that we have ceased to think of yours. No, indeed. I have asked Christ if it was all right for us to still cling so to our earth loves, and He said: "Son, it is not only right, but it is good that it is so. It is the working of the divine Law of Love of my Father for His children. Blessed is he who having a life to give for my children, shall give it for the bettering of their lives! For whoso giveth his life for my sake shall find it."

Then Christ took my arm and we walked, (it seemed like gliding), together for miles it seemed, through places which were very light, almost too light for me; and I remarked this, and suddenly all was changed, and a darkness seemed to come over everything, blotting out even the landscape which a moment before was resplendent with vivid colors—and I felt Christ's hand in mine and He said: "Son, art thou afraid?" And I said, "Ask not that, Lord, for thou art my Light, and with Thee who shall be afraid?"

And I heard a great voice which seemed

to come from the clouds, and it said: "Behold! This day shalt thou see the wickedness of a lie!" Then I found myself standing on the edge of a great precipice and, looking over, I could see a dense smoky vapor coming up, rising, rising, and following it with my eye, I saw that it ascended until it reached the Light which shone so high above it, and immediately it became absorbed by that Light and was swallowed up out of sight. Then Christ said, "Canst thou interpret?" And I said: "Lord, interpret thou for me, and then I shall know truly." And He said that this was the vibration sent off from the earth by the horrors of the war. He said it did not represent death, but the viciousness and wickedness of men's minds when they become possessed of ideas not in harmony with love; and when I said, "But, Christ, the war is over. Surely all that has stopped," He replied, "Son, and hast thou so soon forgotten? Man still follows not the path I showed him to my Father, and this vapor shall continue to rise and become absorbed and swallowed up by the Light of the Angels, until all wrath and deceits and lies and lusts and wrong-doings shall cease upon the face of the earth! And then all shall become inheritors of the Kingdom. Amen."

I next found myself alone on a grassy bank and in front of me flowed a river of sparkling Light, and longing to jump into it,

I rushed down and was cleansed from the deterring effect of my sight of the wrongdoings of earth. If ever we are shown anything like that, which opposes God, we cleanse our minds and bodies in the River of Life. Glory be to God, who is indeed the Fount-Head of every blessing. Come and wash freely in the River of Life when the soil of earthly things tarnishes the shield which has been taken up for God and bedims the magic veil which obstructs your view of the Kingdom which is all about you!

Be glad, kid. I am alive and loving you all the time more and more.

\* \* \*

(The messages which follow present the fact of a deathless body, which to me, has been the greatest source of comfort. I trust that many who read what is to follow will be led to feel, indeed, "The Peace that Passeth Understanding." I shall give the message in conversational form, just as Philip and I have argued, indicating Philip by a P. and myself by a D.)

P.—My body is not in the grave, nor never was. I don't understand this very well yet. I know you will not find it easy to believe, but it is true—there is only one body and that is translated from stage to stage, just as was Enoch's or Christ's, and others in Bible history.

You aren't able to see me yet because you do not realize that *I am actually visible at any*

*time.* If you did realize this, you would have seen me by now, because I am constantly before you all, and I can't seem to understand why you don't see me as I see you.

D.—But, Philip, you surely know that while you were in an earth state of consciousness, you did not believe in such materializations.

P.—I know that, but I see it all so differently now! You see, it is hard for us to realize that you don't *know* that we are with you, not only in spirit but in form as well. This is the fundamental thing to learn: *that spirit and body are one and the same.*

D.—What is in your grave, then?

P.—Well, it seems to me, even yet, that my body is there, but Christ tells me that we are risen, and that there is no death. By that He means that we are like Him.

D.—The question naturally arises: Is there substance in matter?

P.—No. All is spirit and spirit is substance. Until we relinquish the idea that there is a body as substance, to the eyes of the world the body will remain. But when we realize that our bodies are the spirit of Christ and cannot, therefore, be destroyed, then will our wrong ideas disappear with the body itself. It is hard to get this, perhaps, but it is the Truth, and if you don't see it there, you will learn to see it here.

D.—But, Philip, many who have passed over the border speak of "leaving the flesh,



the shell," etc. How could they speak that way if there is no flesh or shell as substance to leave?

P.—That is the very thing they have to learn, just like me. I know now that I am *and always was* spirit, but I don't understand it yet. Perhaps those who spoke in that way did not themselves realize the truth when they wrote.

\* \* \*

(A cousin writes to me on the same subject.) God's laws are as eternal as the heavens and they must be obeyed. If you people on earth would only believe this, you would be able to talk to us audibly and see us in our very bodies! Dot, there is only one body, and that is the temple of God. Nothing can destroy it or do anything to make it suffer. I didn't have consumption at all. It was never there. At the moment I passed on, it left me in the twinkling of an eye, and I was made whole. Understand—I thought I had it, but I didn't. Disease can never come to a child of God. They are perfect manifestations of His Beauty and Holiness and they are the same forever and forever.

\* \* \*

(At another time I asked a person for whose opinion I held the utmost respect while she was still on earth, to explain to me the essentials about death.) There is no death, as you will find when your present consciousness merges into the Christ.

(I then asked her if there was an earthly shell from which the celestial body evolves.) No, the heavenly body is the one made in God's image, and nothing, no thing, can destroy it, for it is from God, and fashioned after the manner of things which are eternal.

(Knowing that she had believed this while yet on earth, I asked if at her passing it seemed that she was leaving a shell.) No, child, I never believed in the substance of the body in a materialistic sense. So I was not at all surprised when I presented myself to Christ in my earthly habitation, which man calls a body.

(I asked if she knew any reason why people who disbelieved in the power of death were not translated as should seem logical.) Not in a world of error, for error shall destroy itself. My body is like those of all men, and steeped in a cocoon of error, it could not break forth into the glory of the sunshine until it broke the fetters which bound it. All men are like unto the potter who fashions the clay. The bodies of all men are like unto God's. We are all translated by Him in the truest sense of the word, but *complete* victory over death will be demonstrated in the time to come by many who are not fettered as I was.

I saw the Christ, but I did not demonstrate the complete victory as I am only a light on the way. But there shall arise men who



shall demonstrate what I thought—the complete victory over death, in which death shall be completely swallowed up in the glorious consummation of all victories over evil, the victory over death!

\* \* \*

(Philip again expressed the same idea.) It seems very strange that you do not recognize me and my own body when I am right with you! I know that I am on another plane of consciousness, but I have lost nothing of the body I had when I was on the earth plane, except wrong ideas and mistaken beliefs about it.

Life is of God—all life is indestructible, and there is no such thing as death or decay, even to what we call our earthly bodies—for, Behold! the bodies we had on earth are the same ones we have in heaven! Great stuff, Dot, and believe me, I am getting this through straight! I may sometimes get confused on earthly dope, but this is coming right, because it is the real thing. All that is unreal gradually fades from our minds in proportion as we grow in the knowledge of Christ's Truths. We really know nothing that is not of God; we only perceive a vacuum when so-called evil slips in. On the other hand, we can foretell spiritual progress, progress towards God, the Creator of all—and that is all that counts.

I see you, Connie, as a beautiful spirit who

is finding its way to God. Remember, we are happy in proportion as we find Christ, and unhappy in proportion as we lose sight of Him! I see you from a spiritual standpoint, as the material viewpoint is a wrong dream, and I have awakened to the reality of life. People on the earth plane are almost all living in an erroneous dream. Every time you worry or grieve or are unhappy, it is all for nothing, for God is in you all, and showering His blessings upon you all every little second of eternity—so what cause is there for any chance of unhappiness?

God is all—Christ is the Way—see Him and you will see me soon again; perhaps then I can tell you more things.

Good work always has its reward. God will prove to you that your efforts in His behalf are not in vain. The nearer we approach Truth, the nearer we approach each other and God, and the same is true of all people. The more they learn what it is to really love one another, the nearer they enter into that eternal fellowship which consummates in God.

I am very near you all the time and I am not prevented by any idea of matter from becoming a real part of you. There is a sort of a way that spirit can join with spirit—I can demonstrate this by making you feel me, and then I can put my ideas and ways of perceiving the truth into your mind, so that you may not even realize that I am the one

who is doing it, but you may think you thought of them yourself.

(I remarked here that I did not want to confuse his and my ideas.) Remember one thing—doubt will prevent. The messages will speak for themselves. The only trouble is that they are not half wonderful or lovely enough, because it is really beyond the power of mere words to express my experiences and feelings. The only thing about getting my messages wrong may be that they aren't full enough of Joy, Joy, Joy, that is now and that is to be, for all. I may not express forcibly enough His Boundless Goodness and Love for all. If I have failed to make you feel all that, then I have failed, indeed, to get it straight.

Oh, what Ineffable Joy is coming to you all! God keep you in His Holy Truths.

\* \* \*

(Philip seeks later to impress his wife with this inspiring truth.) Dot, I long to have Constance feel that I am not absent! Get her to think of me as I actually am. Tell her that I am present with her always. Tell her to read the story of Christ's burial and resurrection in the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and to realize the meaning of Christ's words where He says: "Why marvel ye and why are ye afraid? Know ye that it is I myself. A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." By that, He

meant that we are in the same body after death as before, and He wanted the people to understand that they had the wrong ideas concerning death. They believed, just as do many today, that after death man becomes a spirit without a body, and He wished to impress upon their minds that *man is always a spirit*, both before and after death, but that death did not make of man anything different. In other words, the body and the soul are one, both indestructible and spiritual.

I am the same as ever, only, because I have been led to realize my spirituality, I radiate Light, and there is nothing of evil thought in me. Often when I look at you I see a Light shining, especially when Truth comes over your mind. And then as you lose sight of realities, your light becomes less and less, and so it is with us all, both in earth and in heaven. Don't think that you are in one place and I in another. We are all in the same place, only I see everything so differently. Then, of course, I also have the power of going places where you on earth do not believe it possible to go. But a day will come when people on earth will do things marvelous—watch.

\* \* \*

(A friend who died, apparently from spinal trouble, dismisses his case as follows:) It was unreal, as is everything evil, but it took me quite a while to realize this, even in

heaven. As soon as I did realize it, my sickness left me. It is the thought of sickness that makes it cling to the body. Why, Dorothy, our bodies are the temples of God, so how could sickness bring sorrow upon them, or decay, or anything evil? Christ is All-in-All. We prove our love for God by the amount of effort we put forth to grasp His Holy Truths.

\* \* \*

(A relative who was a hunchback, tells me that even beyond the veil he could not at first get rid of his deformity, but that in proportion as his mind grasped the truth of being perfect in God, his deformity gradually left him, until finally he was rid of it entirely.) Can you see me? I am standing in front of you, and I want you to know that I am perfect in body. Is it not splendid? Oh, Dot, just look at me! I am here with my Savior, and I am His child. Some day you will see me face to face. You will know me, but I am oh, so different! I see you now so plainly in the soft firelight—call me soon again—

\* \* \*

(An uncle who suffered from spinal trouble one day wrote me the following letter.)

In the Heavenly Sphere of Light.

Today I saw wonderful things—I saw Christ healing a paralytic from his wrong belief. I can't very well describe the thing,



for it was so different from our earthly ideas of healing.

It seems that the man was a very young one, and had a very much over-developed sense of his own ideas. You should have heard him arguing with Christ, "But this" and "but that," etc. And Christ waited for him to finish, and then suddenly seemed to cast His wonderful radiance over him, in such a way that the man was enveloped absolutely in a cloud of Christ-like Glory! In an instant the cloud disappeared, and there stood the man transformed! The expression on his face was too wonderful for language to express. It was God reflected—and Power, and Life, and Love, and Worship, and above all, a sense of Peace!

Then Christ seemed to disappear and an instructor came to explain to the man that he must throw off his own prejudiced ideas, and take on the Christ.

Let this be a symbol for you on earth. Put off the old man and take on the Christ man: "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Now that man's body was the same always to Christ, perfect, even though to himself and to most of us standing near, it appeared to be paralyzed. But he *was* transformed, and the transformation that took place was in his *mind*—there's the point. We put on the Christ man, then, by renewing our minds. His mind was somewhat dazed by the sudden transformation,



but that is where the instructor's work comes in. I was going to keep it from you until later, but I might as well tell you now that I was the instructor chosen for this work. You see, my sickness was somewhat similar to his, and so Christ knew that I was well prepared to explain to this poor man, as had been so lovingly explained to me, that paralysis, like all disease, is only a condition of the mind, and not of the body, the body itself being mental, and real because mental. That is what I had to realize before I could get rid of my own trouble; only Christ doesn't make us wait too long. He just goes ahead and cures our minds, and consequently our bodies, and then He leaves it to an instructor to teach us how it was done.

## PART TWO

“And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her.

“And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother. And there came a fear on all: and they glorified God saying, That a great prophet is risen up amongst us; and that God hath visited his people.”

(Luke VII).

## CHAPTER ONE

(Our dear ones on the other side are often vitally grieved by our unbelief or doubt. While talking with Philip one day, my pencil suddenly became almost uncontrollable, making incoherent marks which I have learned to take as an indication of great excitement on his part. Soon the words came through that the daughter of a neighbor was controlling my pencil and wished me to go immediately and get her mother, because she wanted so much to talk to her. I hesitated, knowing that her mother would not believe, but finally both she and Philip became so insistent, that I relented. The result was a failure, as the mother was too frightened to even watch me take the loving, pleading words that came through. Philip wrote after she had gone :) Louise is in tears of anguish at her mother's attitude, so I am trying to comfort her. Oh, thank God that my people believe! If you only knew how happy you could make us by your attitude!

\* \* \*

(A friend writes concerning this subject :) Tell your folks that if they knew of the joy it gives Philip to communicate with them, they would do it all the time! If only my

wife could believe! But she is not ready and you must not tell her yet. I will try to come to her and convince her myself very soon. It is so hard when the channel is closed! (Philip here took control of my pencil, and with his usual impulsiveness wrote:) Dot, go ahead and tell his wife. Take a chance! Really it is awful to see Jack! He grieves so much. I try to cheer him up, for as you know, that is what Christ has given me to do. But Jack looks at me so sadly, and I know that he thinks I am happy because my people believe. Well, that is a reason, and that is just why I want you to tell his wife. You can't imagine how happy I am when I am talking to you all! I always have lots more to tell than I get the chance to say. If only men will accept this truth, they will see marvels; for there are miraculous things happening about us and about you, all the time, and your spiritual sight must be developed to discern these great things.

People shout to God: "Show us a sign and we will believe!" But they don't realize that God answers their demands and fills the ether with "signs"; but as Christ has said, "Having eyes, ye see not—having ears, ye hear not—having minds, ye understand not, but I say unto you these things shall not last forever, for the words of Christ shall never pass away, and they shall be fulfilled in very truth!"

Holy God! Behold the accomplishment

of man! What a noble sight and how inspiring to behold the throngs of His Perfect Creation! Every man shall be not only perfect of mind, but perfect of every feature as created in the beginning by the God of all! Oh, rejoice! The word shall dwell among you, and your souls shall be lifted to the Gates of Paradise, which are guarded by the doves of Peace and Love; and all who do not feel and know these, shall not enter therein until he shall know what these things are. Oh, follow the Christ who came to your earthly habitation and suffered of man's sin that you might understand the words of wisdom which shall unlock the storehouse of your very soul! And the storehouses are filled to overflowing with the Bounteous Goodness which God has in limitless supply!

Oh, come and sup with us. Sit at the Lord's table by my side, and receive the food and drink which Christ shall serve you for the upbuilding of your immortal soul! Come and be a guest at the table of the Lord, and behold the faces which surround us—see John, the lovely one, who will teach us all the essence of true love; and watch him as he turns his eyes full of compassionate tears upon thy ever-loving face, for John sees in thee, Constance, a woman worthy to be loved by God!

And see Peter, the rock of faith, who shall teach thee what it is to walk the ocean waves and doubt not, though the storm is very

mighty, for lo! He points to where the Heavens are bursting with Light the clouds of darkness, and behold! Christ descends and comes to thee o'er the waves of the sea, and takes thy hand, and thou shalt understand and not be afraid—never, never!

And see all the others who are gathered in His Name and for His Name's sake have forsaken the paths of doubt and grief, and have chosen the Light Paths gay with flowers and beauties and little children who shall teach us what joy is. Oh, laugh and be glad with exceeding great joy, and thy reward shall be plentiful, since it cometh from One who loves man dearer than all creation; for God so loved the world, that He gave His Only Begotten Son, that whosoever should believe in Him might be saved from sickness and grief and greater than all—death!

Oh, death, where is thy sting, and grave, where thy victory? For, seeing error, we see not reality, and the God who created thee and me would not suffer His Holy child to see corruption. For the body is fashioned like unto its Creator and there is neither decay nor corruption to the Children of God! May Peace and Joy bless your paths and keep you all. Amen and Amen.

\* \* \*

(In a later letter, Philip tells more of that perfect love.) The other day I said to Grandpa Pierce: "Let me take care of that for



Dad, (referring to guiding influence), and he said, "No, I'll do it for him." It was funny. Finally he put his arm on my shoulder and said, "Let us help him out together—it will be done with twice the blessing, because both our hearts are full of the love of God which seeks expression."

As God led His Son and communicated with Him, so shall it be given unto me to communicate with my daughters and my wife and my family, for such is the love of God and His Good Will towards those who seek His face. I tell you, Dot, you and Connie, and all of you so dear to my soul, have no idea with what powers you are joining forces! You are daily putting yourselves in the way of marvelous things. You will see what I mean as time goes on.

Keep up the faith; don't doubt, but believe and pray, and all shall be speedily revealed. Doubt kills spiritual growth. Faith builds eternal houses. Truth shall become manifest to the mind which sees, hears, and understands, according to the will of God. Love, love, love. Have charity towards all, chastity of thought, and dwell on things holy in the silence of your immortal souls. Sing for the joy which springs from Heavenly Peace. Praise God by seeking to follow the life of His Son. Enjoin all men in due meekness and sincerity to praise the Lord of Everlasting Faith, in whom are the

foundations of the universe built by a Word. Take no thought for the details of your earthly existence, because a grand life awaits its consummation, a life without end, and who knows when that day shall be?

I am near always—I have come to you—perhaps you can rise in mind to me—and then shall the claim of death and separation be broken forever! God give you faith unto this end!

\* \* \*

(Philip wrote one evening to his mother a letter which I feel very sure many a son would write if he had the opportunity. I therefore give it as it came through, hoping that all the mothers who read it will take it as a personal tribute to their motherhood.) Well, mother, you want to hear from your son? Here he is standing right by your side with his arm around you. I press you hard, but you do not feel me. But, dear little mother, I am nearer you than any of your other children on earth, nearer than hands and feet or heart. God bless our mothers! Their faith and love are supreme; and one day God will put them each on a separate throne, and underneath each throne He will write: "This was a mother."

Oh, mother, mother, know that I am here, and be at rest. Let no doubt enter your dear heart. "Thy son liveth" in very truth. Doubt not, faint not, and watch, for behold! a day cometh when each shall be rewarded

according to his works. My own mother, I kiss you with a kiss that is not of earth—may your soul be lifted up by it and comforted, forever and forever. Amen and Amen.

\* \* \*

(I have often asked Phil if he sees us always, and if he saw us at all before we communicated with him.) I saw you plainly at times when your thoughts opened up the channel, but I did not see you nearly so well as I do now since you have begun to write. I entered only when your minds called out to me, but now I can be there at will. I do not see you always, because you do not always need me. But I can be there any instant you call—do remember that. Work or no, I can always answer the call from my dear ones on earth.

I so often watch my two little girls. Love them well and make them both realize as soon as possible that their daddy is not dead, nor even away, but living and nearer than ever before, even nearer than he could be were he on the earth plane only!

\* \* \*

(One evening as we were reading Phil's messages together and commenting upon them, I suddenly received the impulse that he had something to say.) I am so glad that you read my messages over and over. Do you know that I am always there and listening while you read over what I have said,

because I want to know your thoughts and pierce your minds in order to be sure that you understand what I get through? In this way I am sure not only that I get the thought through straight, but also that you understand it straight. Dot, kid, I am giving you some pretty good dope, and you must not forget it, because I might not be able to give it just that way again, get me?

My! what a beautiful place the earth is! Why, it's just about as beautiful as these higher spheres, only it probably doesn't appear so to many people there, on account of their lack of vision. Wouldn't it make you tired, Dot, to see people so gross of vision that they do not recognize a scene in Paradise when it is before their very eyes?

And do you know that scenes never appeal the same to any two people? That is because no two people have identically the same spiritual growth. New scenes and new ways of looking at old scenes will appear to you according as you gain spiritual insight. Insight means a looking within, and a beholding of the inward scenes, which in turn reflect the heavenly scenes.

It's all in the way you look at it. Here's an easy experiment: just look around you and ask a few of the people you meet every day what they have seen of Heaven at the close of that day. You will find that the majority of them will have seen nothing of it— a minority may mention that they had

one or two glimpses of it—but it will be only a very few who will tell you that they have actually not only seen Heaven, but its very Maker, GOD! Oh, be one of the last few! Set your heart on it, make it your goal, your aim, and you will be rewarded a thousand-fold!

\* \* \*

(Phil often writes in the same trend of thought.) Well, here I am as always, ready and waiting, just longing and yearning to get in a word and be a part of you all, as you are to each other! I so often look at you and I know that you do not and will not ostracize me from your thoughts. Make of me a reality, for in reality I am nearer and closer to you all and to each one of you than you are to each other. Oh, believe what I say, for it is the truth, and if you don't believe it now, you will some day. But oh, seek perfection now and I swear that I will disclose truths, grand truths, believing which, you shall be carried aloft to heights of infinite bliss in God's Holy Firmament! And surely your progress to the throne is certain, for Truth and Peace shall attend you in the person of Christ Jesus, our Saviour and Lord. Peace to all the earth! God bestows His Goodness upon you and thereby you are daily receiving His blessing.

\* \* \*

(I wrote one night: "Phil dear, here we all



are, as usual thinking of you every second.”) Oh, and maybe you think I don’t know it! Why every time you think of me, I am drawn to you by that very thought. It is a wonderful plan of God’s to do this, to arrange it so that the slightest thought of love between people is instantly recorded. (I asked him what in particular had been happening to him lately.) How shall I know what to tell first? All the time things happen which I am anxious to tell you, and there are experiences which pile one upon the other, until I am overwwhelmed by them.

Everything is beginning to take on color here now, more color and depth of reality—instead of the vague uncertain scenes which I seemed to half dream. All is becoming reality, and now I can understand why God does not have all appear to us at once and become revealed to us upon our arrival here. It is all too magnificent and glorious—we must grow spiritually able to bear the sights and sounds of this glorious universe! The same opportunity is open to you all now, but your senses are dulled to heavenly impressions; so you must develop them and bring them back to their intended use out of their hiding places. Oh, worship our Lord and stand before Him in the Might of Peace!

\* \* \*

Connie, I am standing by your side and enjoying the family circle very much. I



take great pleasure in coming in the evening when you are all together; you make me one of you even though you cannot see me. I feel so sorry for some of the people who wish to visit their people as I do, but cannot. They go to them but they are not received; they are either shut out by grief, or else by the endeavor to smother grief in forgetfulness—and *that is what hurts!* Often such attempts to visit become unbearable for the one here, and so he gives up.

It is wonderful how much one can do in this state—just imagine, I can be with you and also perform services, and at the same time learn a lot about life.

No need of houses as far as protection from the elements is concerned. Houses we have, but merely for the sociable end of the game, so to speak. If you wish it, you may have a house of your own, a place that is really sanctified for your own personal use and that of your kindred. But gradually such desires leave us, as we approach the universal. Christ has said, "In my Father's house are many mansions," and He meant it.

\* \* \*

("What news?" I asked one day.) Today was like all other days in heaven, joy, love, peace and plenty for all who see Christ and the Divine Creation of man. It is all very wonderful to behold, very good to know, and very blessed to believe! God is so powerful,

and He is as good as He is powerful. Oh, Dot, I do wish you could feel this heavenly something which thrills me always. It seems to me that God just *must* break through the wall that man has put between himself and The One who loves him more than he can comprehend! ("Phil," I said, "as soon as I begin to take your letters, I feel an indescribable sense of happiness. It almost seems sometimes that I can shut the door of worldly sense and turn my eyes into that fair garden which is beginning to reveal itself to me, in proportion as I search for and understand the truth.") Yes, Dot, I do think you feel it, and I could shout for joy at the thought that I can make you feel as I do. That is the idea of this power, anyway—to give people an idea of truth, and truth can be felt much more easily than told or explained. When you *feel* a thing to be true, you can bank on it it *is* true! But there are many mistakes in conveying a truth by words—words are so useless and expressionless.

I long to *catch* you out of your false beliefs and lift you into the real consciousness of man which is life without blemish and life forevermore Perfect and Holy and Good and Right and Virtuous in the sight of God. This indeed, is life when man can cast off all his garments stained and tarnished by the comingling of evil with good; for the garments of a man cannot remain white and pure and

radiant if he is to besmear them with taints of evil. Christ will wash each man until, indeed, he is "whiter than snow," as the Bible so truly puts it. Oh, my dear family, I am so glad that you think of me all the time, for neither are you out of my thoughts for an instant, and I think I can never rest in peace until I see you all behold nothing less than what I have already beheld—Christ Himself.

Oh, God, thou who rulest over all and who hast set the cycles of the Universe, which turn in unison with thine own complete Mind—oh, God, Almighty One, turn not from those on earth who are beloved by us, for indeed our future peace is with theirs, for so thou hast established the Laws of Love which shall bind together the souls of men according to Thy Glorious Plan. Oh, God, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, and grant unto us this day and all the days to come the daily bread, Peace, which alone shall satisfy the hungry hearts of those still on earth who are hungering for us who wander in the fair places of Heaven. I pray thee grant unto those we love the blessing of Peace which thou hast already granted unto us through the knowledge and understanding of thy complete will—God, Father, Thou who sittest to wait for the love of man, I beg of thee this thing.

\* \* \*

(It is very interesting to hear how our

dear ones are clothed in the beyond. Philip always speaks of wearing white garments, but many others speak of wearing what they had on when the transition took place. Asking Phil about this, I received the following information:) I have seen many soldiers in khaki and men and women dressed in very earthly clothes, but I have on a misty appearing covering, and it is impossible to describe its wonderful texture. (In a later message he states that they can appear to us in any dress with which we may be more familiar; but I understand that there all are clothed in white robes which merge into light. Concerning Christ's appearance, he says:) His robes seem to shine all around Him and we all *feel* Him. He radiates something similar to waves of Light, prismatic, glorious. His eyes are beautiful, deep, tender, and loving beyond description. He is quite tall and moves with such grace and sweetness of manner! In His presence we are all sanctified, blessed—and He talks to us so that we always understand. I wish you could see Him. He speaks to you whenever you do a good deed, think a beautiful thought, or create a lovely idea. That is Christ; know Him and love Him for His wonderful goodness.

## CHAPTER TWO

(The significance of Christmas seems to be felt very strongly beyond the veil. A soldier wrote through my hand to his parents a letter which I sent them at his bidding.)

Written from Heights of Eternal Bliss to my dearest ones in the earth plane state of consciousness.

Dear Mother and Dad:

I wish you might know what a real Christmas is! It is the birth of the Christ Child, the Holy Child of God, in the heart of man. How glorious is the morn when Truth breaks over the horizon of the mental vision and understanding of man! Hark! the ether is filled with the echoes of the bells which again, and clearer than ever, my dearest ones, ring out the blessed news of Christ born, born in the heart of man. Remember how "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit." Oh, may that spiritual growth develop in your hearts and bring to you both the Peace of God which passeth understanding! Eye has not seen, ear has not heard, neither hath it entered the mind of man, the things which God has prepared for him!

And yet, oh, my dear mother, thou who



alone feels the sense of a mother's loneliness, I cry unto you, for the sake of our dear Father in Heaven, break the gates of thy former beliefs and misunderstandings and tear down the portals which have heretofore rested upon a none too solid foundation! And, tearing them down, hasten into the newly found paths and trample under thy feet all thoughts of the past. For, behold! the former things have passed away, and there shall be a new Heaven and a new earth, and there shall be no more sorrow, nor separation; and God will wipe away all tears by filling the hearts and minds of men with the glorious light of understanding. With this to illumine your paths, you shall never again be bound by the awful illusion that death is real, and that to death we must ascribe the power of separation between loved ones.

Mother and dad, can't you feel me here? Believe. Here I am loving you, speaking to you, and longing and yearning to have you see me as I see you. It is the same with us all here; we want our dear ones to see and feel us as we do them.

Great and splendid are the sights which greet the eyes of a man who believes! God reveals unto you all His wisdom, His Glories without end, and I know that you have had glimpses of Him as you lovingly caress or inhale the fragrance of flowers—or perhaps you have seen Him in the great celestial universe which shines by day with the

light of the sun, and by night with the light of the stars. And why has God done this? For the same reason that He blesses a man who curses His Holy Name, thereby winning the love of the man. Man, understand, is eternal, and exists for the delight of God, who wishes thus to manifest Himself throughout the universe.

Christmas! Think of the joy and the rapture which the Wise Men felt when at last, at the end of their journey, the star led them to the place where Christ lay! Oh, may the star of your understanding guide you faultlessly along the way, over mountain and vale, over turbulent waters and pleasant meadows, until that glorious revelation of His truth shall break in golden colorings upon your consciousness, and reveal to you, indeed, the birth of the Saviour of man.

Who is He, and what is His Name? His name is Immanuel, Christ in us. "And there was no room for Him at the inn"—make room, then, for Him in the home of your hearts, where God has implanted His Divine Self which, like Him, shall live eternally. Oh, bless the Lord God of all, who has revealed Himself unto you through the life of His Son, Christ Jesus.

Rejoice, then, and be not sad, for our God who is a God of Love and Joy, whispers tenderly unto you: "Come unto Me and I will give you Peace; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled,

neither let it be afraid. Peace I leave with you. My Peace I give unto you."

My dearest ones, realize God, God, God! And know that it is He who has given me unto you, and the Lord shall not take away from him who hath faith and understanding; for in God's Kingdom all is Joy and Unity of those who love. May Peace dwell with you and keep you and bless you and make you glad, glad, glad, forever, as it has done unto me. Believe.

\* \* \*

(Phil's Christmas message came through on the same day.) Another Christmas on the earth to mark the passing of the time according to man. But always remember that with God one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as a day. It is all so glorious here, so lovely and peaceful, and the reason for this is that we see that everything is going on all right, even though to those who do not see it clearly, things appear all wrong. We see that everything that tends to make a person unhappy or discontented is but a product of his own wrong imaginings. Therefore there is nothing to worry or fret us, by reason of our very clear vision of the God idea.

I heard you discussing the location of Heaven. Well, it is everywhere. It includes the earth and all celestial orbs, and it fills every bit of space; in reality, there is no

place which is not Heaven! Earth is a single place where people learn of God and gradually they grow away from it and its limitations as their understanding increases. (I asked if it were possible for us to be of earth and yet be with them.) Yes, it is possible, but not probable until in some way you get a vision of things not as yet seen. For instance, I am with you always—and yet I have the power of being in many places at the same time. There are really no limitations to God's children, who are made like Him, any more than He is limited, for as you know we are *all, without exception*, like Him.

Christ comes unobtrusively into the heart of each man, and knocking, seeks admittance, inquiring if man has had enough of sin and will turn to the Light forever and receive the blessing of God. If He is not given admittance, He turns away seeking another, and so on. He patiently continues to strive to be the companion, helper, and uplifter of man. If man, then, does not wish to receive this help, it is because his heart is temporarily steeled; but sooner or later all will turn to Christ, as a flower to the sun, for only by so doing may man receive life, which he possesses by the very nature of his wonderful creation.

I would almost dare to hope that you can hear the angel's song, if only you will break the fetters which bind you to things as they have always seemed to be. The angels

here sing in great choruses and their voices have in them marvelous healing powers, and one who hears them may be instantly healed of a false belief, or he may be granted a vision, or he may be given a clearer insight into the mysteries of God! I wonder if it isn't possible for you to hear them. They sing so often to you all! Their voices carry throughout the spheres, and their tones have in them mighty power and sweetness, and the music floats through all the universe. But only he who can interpret can hear.

Rest assured, everybody, that we must all fight this so-called death, for death is the enemy, the barrier, which shuts out many a glorious vision from man's eyes. For in death man sees the consummation of all his wrong beliefs. Be very sure that you will not have to submit to this game of Blind Man's Bluff much longer; something has got to happen, and it will, if only you will believe and ask in Christ's Name to be delivered! Let this be your Christmas prayer, not only for yourselves, but for all of God's children, for we in Heaven long for it as much and more than you. Let your prayer be that God will cause His Light to so shine upon us all, that the shadows of death shall be driven away forever, never to return, for this, I know, is God's will.

Pray then. Oh, if I could urge the world to join in prayer for the actual abolishing of death! Then, indeed, would His Kingdom



have come on earth as it is in Heaven. God help me to break through this veil of doubt on my side, and may He help you on your side—that thus we may meet half way, each winning half the battle, and counting the victory only when I clasp each one of you to my breast and whisper: “My dear Connie, I am thine and we shall never be separated again, even in thought. Come and let me teach unto you the things of God! And, dear, our time shall be spent in journeying millions of miles to view His handiwork and to help others to live the Christ life.”

And, mother, I shall take you and say, “Mother, mother, you and Dad must grow young again, for you have through all eternity to live, and your child is restored to you in very truth, and he shall watch and rejoice to see you grow young again in the companionship of Christ and in the Light of God! No more shall your mother heart wonder for the reason of this seeming blow, but sweetly shall you listen to the voice of God who shall say: “My daughter, thy son liveth, and couldst thou believe that I would take from thee what I have given thee? Nay, but I restore him to you whole and with a mind like unto Christ.”

And, Dad, I shall take your hand and together we shall see your ideals realized, (and they are my ideals for I patterned after yours!), and I shall be verily blessed when I hear you say, “Well, Phil, could I have ac-

tually known all this, I think I could have made earth a similar place to Heaven!"

I feel you asking when all this shall be—well, take it from me, you haven't got to die, so to speak, to see it, so live each day in hopes that on that day shall take place the piercing of the veil of unbelief; and don't be disappointed if it doesn't happen as soon as you might wish, *because it actually is going to happen!* And it never can be too late for it to happen, for there is no such thing as "late" when we think in eternal terms. So a little short space of time more or less is not worth mentioning. But in Heaven a short space of time can be very long, because in Heaven all is happiness, and so God makes time stretch on and on. We never have to hurry—we can enjoy a circumstance to its fullest extent, for there is no marking of time. On earth you are always limited. The little tastes of Heaven which you get must always come to an end—not so here—such tastes may last a long time, for only in such a way can man develop a real appetite for spirituality.

Be glad, then, all. Remember I am with you, not on Christmas Day only, but now and here, always and always. God hasten the day of a better understanding! Your release and mine is very sure, but we must strive diligently and face each day with renewed energy and good will, and above all, *we must be happy!* Connie, family, everybody, it is up to you to be as happy as I am,

and it is as easy for you as it is for me, for I am telling you just why there is no reason for being unhappy—so if you will believe what I say, that is all that is necessary—the rest will take care of itself. Never lose heart over *anything*, and least of all, over my death; because you take on faith that I am not dead, now, and a day will come when you will know it to the point of complete understanding. So don't let death get your goat—just believe and hope in the goodness of all things and in the speedy revelation to your hearts of the whole plan. God watches and be sure He will reward each right idea and attitude that you take and act out in your lives.

Oh, my dear ones, what more can I say, except again that I love you all a thousand times as much as you love me! As my wife, Connie, prove what you know of love between husband and wife by loving and living love beyond the grave! Mother and dad, will you as my parents of God, do the same? Let not a wrong belief allow you to destroy what you both know lives everlastingly, a parent's love for a child. And that love must die if the child dies, for you can't love what death has destroyed. This holds true for you all. Test yourselves—do you all love me as much as ever? Then the very fact that such love still exists proves that I still exist—get me, folks? All, then, believe what you can understand, and believe even more

strongly what you cannot understand, for man's self-limited sense is not a measure of the things of God. May this and each succeeding Christmas and each year which will follow implant within you all the seeds of Peace in the knowledge that underneath are Everlasting Arms. Amen and Amen.

\* \* \*

(On New Year's Eve the following message came through.) There are going to be published many books concerning the different sides of this truth. They will surely help you to understand it better and better. Be strong, all, and stand firm for the truth! Let nothing or nobody take it from you, for it is eternal, and all men are going to believe some day—but blessed are they who believe first. Don't ever change your attitude towards my death—remember, death is only a name and not a reality in any sense of the word. Oh, if you only knew the things which God has prepared for you, I am sure you would never have a care, nor the slightest worry; but you would wake in the morning with a song of Joy in your hearts—through the day you would do His work in Holy Peace and never a sorrow would touch your minds, nor a care; and at night you would rest in the knowledge of God's care and protection, and Peace would bless your lives.

Happy, Happy New Year, all who are so

strong and helpful in supplying me with a purer and better faith whereby I shall ascend to the Throne. God bless you, dear ones, and may He keep you safe from any future misconceptions—may He brighten your lives with the Light of His Love.

\* \* \*

Believe me, at times it is some job to get things through. Oh, how I longed to tell you all at the time of my passing that I was not leaving you at all!

I am always at any place I wish to be. I can travel in a flash; space is nothing. To-day I went on a very long journey and saw wonderful things. I saw Christ in the midst of a group of soldiers all wounded and broken by the sufferings of war. It was awful to see their plight. They all clung to Christ and He put His hands on them—and wonderful vision to behold! they were all made whole! But their faces! God! when shall I again see such joy, such peace, such love, such adoration!

Then they followed Him into a river and He cleansed them of their wrong beliefs, and when they came out, they looked like angels, holy, holy, holy. If I only had the power to describe to you the experiences I have every day, every hour, though in Heaven there is no time, nor space, nor night—the stars are a million times more lustrous and



wonderful than your stars, and yet they are the same stars; but stars here reflect Christ, God! And the music! what harmony, what peace, what everlasting joy! Oh, see these things and believe! Great are the things yet to come and still greater and greater, until I cannot understand it all—the joy, the light, the beauty, the flowers! Thinking in such lines, isn't it easy to see that man, the child of God, can never be subject to decay? The body itself is the Temple of God, and that could not see corruption. What do you think the Temple of God is? Something to bury in the ground, something which low forms of creation can consume? How about it? I tell you, these things are worth thinking of. And know, dear ones, that Christ does not unfold the petals of His flowers of Revelation until His children are ready to imbibe the sweetness.

The only thing worth while is Good, Perfection. Nothing else is of avail. Live *in* the world, but be not *of* it; always see the guiding star and turn your steps to the paths into which that star will lead you; for the star is the star of Bethlehem, which guided the Wise Men to the Christ Child! So will you become like the Wise Men, but remember, *they never lost sight of that star!* It will lead you, but if you turn your gaze from it, you will fall into unworthy paths of darkness, and you will stumble.

You need the light of its radiance to guide

you. "Let thine eye be single"; that is, let thine eye see but one thing as its goal, GOD! Bring not to the Christ Child gifts of precious stones. Those are earthly possessions, and Christ does not know them. But lay at His feet a beautiful spirit or character, and your reward will far surpass the gift! God watch over you all, and may the star, His Holy guiding star, so shine on and illumine your paths, that the way will be clear before you. Doubt not. Fear not. Only behold Him forever and forever.

\* \* \*

(A friend sent this letter to his wife, receiving which, she believed immediately.) Tell her that it took me a long time to get rid of my wrong beliefs, but now I am all right again, and it is so good to see my body restored. Tell her that sometimes her grief was so strong that I felt it and couldn't reach her consciousness for that very reason. Dot, get her to take lots of rest because worldly tasks avail nothing spiritual. Peace of mind and love of God is all, absolutely all that counts.

I see Christ in everything here—Christ in the flowers, Christ in the stars, Christ in the music, Christ in our hearts. Everything reflects Him in His glorious plan. Every time you think a good thought, it rises like incense to Christ. Every time you do a good deed, another stone is laid on the founda-

tion of your Christian character, which will finally lead to perfect realization of His Goodness and Truth and Loveliness and Beauty and Joy and Light.

I have beheld His hosts of angels and millions of His believers, all clad in purest raiment, praising Him with music of the heavenly spheres, which is to be compared with nothing of the earth plane. If you could only behold Him by His works as I do! Look ever for Him in the heart of a child, or the petal of a flower, or perhaps in the infinite depths of the blue sky, the dome of His Heavenly Kingdom. Search for Him in nature, for nature is but God. Every flash of lightning, every bolt of thunder, speaks of His power and wisdom. Each breeze that blows wafts tales of His Lovingkindness and Tender Mercy. Each little living thing on the face of the earth speaks God to His children. Oh, why do His children pass them by? Don't they know that God is all, and the nearest reflection of Him is a Godlike man, woman, or child?

To understand real life is to have Joy, Peace, Longsuffering, Tender Mercy, Loveliness, Happiness, Beauty, Light, Radiance, and above all, Peace and Harmony from God.

## PART THREE

“And, behold, there came a man named Jairus, and he was a ruler of the synagogue: and he fell down at Jesus’ feet, and besought him that he would come into his house: For he had one only daughter, about twelve years of age, and she lay dying. But as he went the people thronged him.

“While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue’s house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

“And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept, and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

“And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she arose straightway: and he commanded to give her meat. And her parents were astonished: but he charged them that they should tell no man what was done.”

(Luke VIII).

## CHAPTER ONE

(One night I let my pencil rest idly on the paper, waiting for anyone who wished to take control. The pencil was soon controlled by a very prominent statesman, who wrote as follows :) I am a soldier of God, and a captain against the foes of man, for God has no foes to overcome, being always a victor of Good. He who would win the fight must gird on the armor of Love, for Love alone shall save! Let the nations of the earth become as one before their God and Saviour! Let them form a unit, and thus united, form the Army Everlasting.

I stand for Truth and the purpose of Might. Whosoever shall desire to become a soldier of God must first become a soldier ready to defend his brother in Truth and Love. For Might is God, and Power is God, and he who is for God is not for false pride or envy or hate or for his own exaltation. Watch and strive diligently, for the time is at hand. Let all cease their worldly questionings and sitting in silence, listen to the voice of God; for this is the voice which shall utter the shout of the Eternal Victory. Watch!

\* \* \*

(Here the pencil stopped and then again



began to move in an entirely different manner, swiftly but easily, and in many curves. I knew someone else had control :) I am with the Eternal God of man, and I am the purpose of the world. Save the world and bless it with God's ideas, and you will found a new nation on the earth; and this Nation shall be called the Kingdom of Heaven, for, behold! it shall be mighty above all nations and its people shall rule forever and ever in Happiness and Peace and Godlike democratic principles.

Become like the people of Israel and your God will guide you through the Red Sea—the sea red with the blood of the martyrs for Christ Jesus! Behold! the time comes when the nations of the earth shall pass away, and only one nation shall prevail and that is God's own. Whosoever defieth the power of such a nation defies his God and His Power over all and through all.

Ye who hearken to these words will do well to watch and interpret the signs of the times. For I say unto you all, God is Power and Light and Love, and He is the only Power which shall prevail. I say unto you these many things, for ye shall watch and my words shall be proved in the future in the signs of the times. Let a man exalt himself by exalting his enemies; otherwise he is not exalted. God shall make the proud of the earth who are puffed up by a false sense of right, to become lowly. Beware,

ye generation of pretenders, and watch! I stand for Truth and Light and Love, and I represent God's eternal purpose and plan. Let him who can, interpret my words. (Here the pencil made several perfect circles.) This is the circle of the nation of God. God is the only power, and He will prevail over all the world; so whosoever would be of the Army Victorious, let him straightway join the forces of God's own angels, who shall come with blaring trumpets, and the sound of triumphant chariot wheels shall proclaim his final victory.

There is the chariot of Love in which Christ holds the steeds of Truth and Righteousness. Then comes the chariot of Peace, in which shall ride the martyrs, who by their noble example of the Peace of God, when undergoing martyrdom for His sake, shall forevermore be exalted. And there shall follow the Chariot of Life, in which shall ride the believers, to whom is given the Life Everlasting. And in the wake of the chariots shall follow the throngs of Angels and Saints and Lovers of God's children.

This is the Procession Eternal, which started on its triumphal tour when the time of man first was, and up to the present time it still marches on to God. And God shall be the King of all. This is the message of Heaven. Listen and you can hear the roll of the chariot wheels, which are the circles of unity; and so they move on to the Life

Everlasting forever and forever. Let him who would be among the victors enlist straightway on the side of God. I speak with authority. Watch.

\* \* \*

(Still another force took the pencil, beginning by making an open, unfinished circle like the figure below.)



This is the broken circle which should be now, and shall be some day, a perfect unbroken circle. Unbelief, doubt, scorn, skepticism, ridicule, and the jeerings of mankind have broken the unity of God's plan for man—but not forever, for God's Plan is Eternal, and it is His Good Will to endow man with free will to choose. (The pencil then made a perfect circle.) This is the unbroken circle of the Unity of Believers, but it shall not be perfect until man, forced by the Power of God's Love, shall bind it together into a harmonious whole, world without end. (An axis was drawn through the circle.) This is the axis or pivot of the unbroken circle of unity, on which everything rotates, as the earth and all other celestial spheres rotate and shall continue to rotate forever and for-

ever. For there is fire everlasting, the heat of which shall consume the lusts of mankind, and they shall be destroyed, and the fire shall consume everything that is not like unto God, Our Father, the One Everlasting who sendeth fire from His Heaven. And man shall be tried therein and shall be made pure in the sight of the angels who surround the throne on high.

I speak with the tongue of authority. It is enough, and it is good for us to be here. Believe and thou shalt be rewarded. Follow Him and great shall be your reward here and hereafter. The peace of Jesus who was the Christ fill your souls and minds. Blessed is he who walketh in the paths of the godly for His Name's sake, for lo! all things shall be revealed. Open thy mind, for the Lamb of God shall reveal truths of Heaven unto thee, and thy paths shall be blessed in the peace of the Most High. Holy are His mandates, for He is Holy. And there is no more death, for He has triumphed over the grave; and the joy of them that believe shall be for the up-building of the souls of them who do not believe.

Walk daily in the faith. Believe in the goodness and virtue of all, for all are from the Father. And work diligently for them that stumble, lest a worse thing come to them. Be ready for what God prepares for you to do, and be guided by the Light of the Way-Shower, who is the Lamp of Eternal

Light, which shall illumine the paths of men. The path to God is wide and easy, but the path of evil is crooked and full of holes and stumbling blocks. Follow thou then the bright way, which is the truth of God as taught by Jesus.

And Jesus while he yet walked the earth, said when we came to a stubble on the path, "Behold! how easy it is to fall! But the Light shall reveal the stubble on thy path, lest thou stumbleth at any time. Therefore, watch and be ever wise in the way of the Light forever and forever."

And so may Peace and Love and earthly content and heavenly blessings fill your hearts and minds and lead you into paths eternal. Amen and Amen.

\* \* \*

(As the pencil stopped at the end of the above message, still another took control.) I am a person whom you do not know and who has never had a chance to use this power before. I don't know what will interest you the most, but you will be glad to know that I was a soldier in the Revolution, one of the old blood who knew what it meant to fight for a cause. I think mankind would do well to fight for the cause of God as hardily as we fought in the war. He is the King eternal in the heavens! Oh, love Him and be like Him in all things, for the night cometh and no man knows when the Lord will say



unto him, "Come and tell me what thou hast done to prove thy love and trust in Me."

Follow Him into the Country Everlasting, and you will see the sights of Heaven, lovely streams and quiet meadows and glorious places where all is Light and Peace. To all present I send the blessing of God. Peace be unto you and keep your minds free from the distresses of worldly imaginings. Peace—Christ be with us all. Amen.

\* \* \*

(Another whom personally I had never known, but of whom I had heard much, continued with another theme.) My child, I am here with many who are dear to the hearts of those on earth, and I see it all now so clearly. Truth is Light and Light is Understanding and Understanding is God and God is all. Believe in the might of the Father and in the power of the Lord and in the love of both for their children of creation. Believe that there is no evil and evil shall depart from thy presence. Believe in the power of good and good shall bless thy life! Choose, then, and thou shalt see that what I say is true. God will give thee wisdom. Believe in Him with thine whole heart and soul and mind!

\* \* \*

(A soldier whom I knew now controlled.) Heaven is one fine, thoroughly splendid place! If only you could all see it as I do! I

think, mother, that you would enjoy the Light and Loveliness and Softness of it all—everybody is so tender and loving, and it all appeals. And what I think would appeal most to dad is the strength of things seen and of people seen—there is nothing weak—all the buildings are so strong and mighty, and their towers rise high, high, high, and pierce the clouds! There are some wonderful buildings here, marvelous pieces of architecture. Heaven is full of architects and the most wonderful of all—God, God, God! He it is who erects such structures as are inconceivable to earth plane architects.

I remember one day seeing a building erected higher than I could discern, and I inquired what it was; someone told me that it was a structure which had been conceived by an architect on earth, and his one great ambition had always been to put up a building which would pierce the clouds, which would extend out of sight. Of course, he had never been able to do it; so as soon as he arrived here, he started to work, and as soon as he began, his conception of that building grew and grew until, after a short time it became a true and beautiful conception. The next time he approached the structure, to his great surprise, he found that the thing was complete, eternal, vast, everlasting!

Of course, the point of this whole story is that as soon as any of us have a true and real

and finished conception of a thing, that thing, if it is good, is immediately accomplished by the wisdom of God, who is Himself the Perfect Conception of all things, as you know. If you realized this great truth, you would attain every perfect desire of your heart. I used to see through things, in back of things; I would look at the stars and wonder what was in back of them. Now I know—God. But how and why? There is so much that is different from our former ideas! Believe—all is Good—all is God—always, always.

\* \* \*

(The following message came too swiftly for the pencil, but it came so clearly and definitely to my mind, that I was able to record it.) I am he who explains. Listen well and heed my words: there are hidden in the rocks of the earth beauties of God, wonderful to behold. In some fair meadow there lies concealed a flower of exquisite loveliness. Far beneath the deepest ocean are hidden wonders of God's making, waiting to be seen by man, since for man's pleasure all these things were created. He whose vision is of God, and spiritual, can see such and understand God's treasures and find them where they lie hidden from mortal sense and consciousness. Oh, seek them out and incline thine ear to hear lovelier tunes than of former times, for are not the choirs of His

angels instruments of Divine Music which shall thrill creation? For God thus seeks in one of His manifold ways to reveal Himself unto His children.

At will thou canst be lifted to where the highest mountain touches the circle of the sky! Or thou canst be wafted on the softest breeze to fields of loveliness, sweet with the freshness of life! Or thou canst submerge thyself into the ocean depths, and there again learn to see and know the wonders and powers of God. And thou of little faith and of gross understanding! Why dost thou not take what thy God giveth thee, and then, too, thou shalt be in that heavenly consciousness which is Heaven, for all, all is of God and His Power. . . .

\* \* \*

(A doctor whom our family has known for years, and who passed on shortly after Phil, sends this rather interesting letter:) Dorothy, I am very glad of having this opportunity to send you my word as a doctor that Philip, whom I have known all my life, is here with me and there with you. He is not dead, rest assured, not even in the sense in which we doctors use the word "death," meaning that the physical body has ceased to function and that the soul has taken flight. I find that the body which we inhabit on earth is to be our heavenly body also—our body eternal. It is hard for me to give up

some of my ideas on this subject and on the subject of medicine; but when I saw One here who cures all ills at a touch, I knew that it was not medicine but a far greater power which should deliver men from their sicknesses. I was cured immediately as soon as I came into my present state of mind. I never felt better in my life, and I feel younger, too. I wish I could get back to some of my old patients. I could cure them now in short order; that wouldn't please some of them very much, I guess, since so far as I could see, they rather enjoyed being sick. I wish I might have been able a year ago to tell you what I know now, but here you have it. Take it night and morning, and before and after each meal, and the cure will be certain! With my very best wishes for your speedy peace of mind. . . .

\* \* \*

(I had not written to Phil for some time, when one day the desire came over me so forcefully that I again took the pencil.) Say, Dot, where have you been all this time? Lately I have been traveling all through Texas. I had always wanted to go there but never found my way clear until now. It does seem peculiar that such an event as this should have brought me there. It is almost a year ago since I came here, and I have been afraid that all of last year's happenings at this time might tend to make you lose sight



of what *actually* did happen—namely, that I gained life, real life, whereunto the scripture is fulfilled when it declares: “He who saveth his life shall lose it; but he who loseth his life, for my sake shall he find it,” eternal, everlasting, abundant, full of divine inspiration which many an earthly life lacks!

(I had, a few moments before taking this message been reading with the utmost enjoyment one of my favorite poets. Something of my thought on this subject must have been transferred beyond, because Phil suddenly broke in with:) You attract great blessing upon yourself when you recognize and appreciate spirituality in others. Mr. ——— (mentioning the poet’s name), wishes me to send you his blessing in appreciation of your effort to promulgate any immortal or spiritual ideas he may have voiced in any of his poems.

God bless you and Christ keep you in the sanctity of His Peace.

\* \* \*

(I had recently completed the reading of a book written by a very prominent man who has been dead a short time only, when I had an impression that he had something he wished to get through.) I am here and glad to talk with a mind which does not follow after that which always has been, but which breaks the bar of conventional, prototyped ideas, and soars into Realms from

whence real knowledge springs. (I said, "Yours was such a mind. I have read most of your books, and I find them a valuable guide to many spiritual and essentially Christ-like ideas of true life.")

It pleases me to know that a girl in your environment can see in the thought of my writings the Christ-life, for such is what I intended to bring out—the essential and usual worldly contradictions of belief and action, of knowledge and precept, of thought and deed.

(I said, "Did you find upon arriving on your present plane of life, that, on the whole, you had heretofore entertained correct ideas concerning the proper method of demonstrating the Christian life?")

On the whole, yes—but there were many of my beliefs which only amounted to beliefs. I was a little too strong in my censure of the church, for instance. I should have explained that all churches were not included in my scathing category, for some churches there have been and still are, which carry on almost to the letter the teachings of the Christ; although be it said to their misfortune, even such as these *deplorably* lack the *power* of the Christ life!

True, many there are which attain to His Holy precepts, and to a certain degree, conscientiously attempt to carry them out in their lives, but there are almost no examples of the Power and the Glory of God outside

of the scope of the individual! What I mean to say is that in individual lives is seen more often the demonstration of this God-Power, than in the lives of several people united together and calling themselves a church in the name of Almighty God.

It is difficult for me even now to be generous in my attitude toward the church as it appears to me. Yet, I am told of, and I have seen a great amount of work done by the church; but it seems to me that even in such a case, it is the individual and not the church which does the act of charity. Be it said in their favor, (I refer to the churches), they at least, do not take from certain individuals what amount of goodness they may possess. Thank God there are still men who can discern through the ritual and form the Light of the Living Christ, shining—and, lo! they are not blind to the real behind the unreal, the Life behind the ritual!

I have talked hours with Christ on the subject of the church, and while He does not believe in their abolishment as I did, still He says that there must be very great changes in the church before it will become the possessor of its rightful power. Some of these changes I shall enumerate for your enlightenment, and for the enlightenment of any who may read these words:

FIRST: All must unite and form One Church Universal. All men must think as a unified whole.

SECOND: Every member of the Church Universal must carry out to the letter *the actual teachings of Christ*. In the vicinity of such a church, then, there can be no poor, nor starving, nor sick, nor sinning, nor any in distress of any kind, for the precepts of the Christ life provide for all these abnormal, unnatural, and wrong conditions.

THIRD: The Church will receive manifold "signs" from above, and each member shall at certain seasons receive the gift of the Holy Spirit, enabling him to speak with a new tongue and to do all things whatsoever Christ commanded. By such a church the dead shall be raised, the sick healed, and all manner of sin and distress alleviated and overcome! And there shall be no more sorrow in the world, but great shall be the Joy thereof.

May God hasten the founding of His Holy Church Universal, as I have described unto you, for with this church shall be established its watchword: "Peace on earth, Good-Will towards men!" Amen.

(I asked if there was any definite church from which this church should arise.) All churches shall be contributors to the whole, but the greatest power shall arise from the individuals in any church who have most nearly attained the Christ powers which I have already enumerated, whereby all sorrow and suffering and sinning shall be wiped forever from the face of the earth! God

bless those earnest seekers for the Truth, who shall not falter nor faint by the way, nor be discouraged by the diffidence of men.

\* \* \*

(A very interesting feature of all the messages which come through is the use made of the circle as demonstrative of perfection. Very often such messages as these following come through:) This is the circle of God, for the time shall come when it shall be realized. Without, all is void and darkness—within is God, and Light, and all, all shall be saved, and each shall say: "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth." Every knee shall bow, not in humility but in love.

This is the circle of Eternity—it is composed of believers who join forces, and when these forces join, they will make the complete unit which centers about God. God is the central point of man's life—about Him man forms ideas, sometimes wrong and sometimes only partly wrong. Let the channel of your conscious belief be open wide, and the Light will pour in upon you. At first it may seem to flood and so obliterate the true vision of your Creator and His Plan. But step by step, here a little, there a little, and the truth will become manifest. Just believe, then have faith, then hope, then realize, then love.



## CHAPTER TWO

(Philip heard us discussing Physics versus Spiritualism one night, and wrote as follows:.) I can tell you one thing—don't ever allow the learning you get on earth to upset your belief in this force in any way. Physics will puzzle you, and other subjects in that line. But hold fast to the faith, for that is good. The things you learn on earth are some of them true and are applied even here, but they are only a very small part of the truth and should be regarded as such.

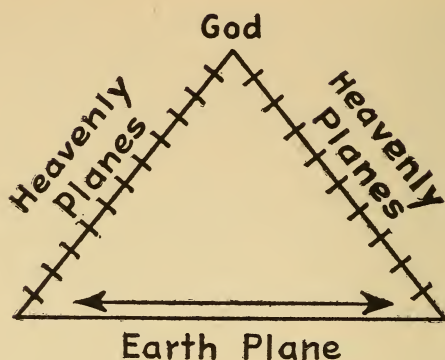
When I found myself here, I was not at all regretful except for one thing—that I had not manifested more plainly and fully my love for Christ and Our Father, God. Oh, Dad, the wonderful love these Saviours of men bestow upon us! That is where I was surprised and dumfounded, wondering how they could love us so, and we do so little for them to show our love! God is good. He just passes by and casts His rays upon us and we are filled with a sense of power and peace which words fail me to describe. God is good, but not in the sense of the word as we understood it on earth. He is good in a mightier sense, in a sense which uplifts and inspires the man upon whom the realization of His goodness descends! You on the earth

plane must feel this sense of His love and goodness at times. He is constantly bestowing it upon you all, but the trouble is that you always throw off its effects by wrong indulgences, activities, and worst of all, beliefs. You trust too much in the things which do not pertain or lead to God. I was the same once—if I only could have understood then as I do now!

Of course, in view of all these facts, you all have an advantage over me, for I can give you the right dope and give it straight.

No two people on this plane live identically the same lives. It is, in this respect, very much as it is on the earth plane. We seek companionship, or rather, we find ourselves somewhat mysteriously placed with people who are our kind, our temperament. Just as on earth we long to be with those of like temperament, so in Heaven we have that longing satisfied by always finding ourselves surrounded by people who are attractive and dear to us. That's the God way of doing things.

Of course, though, as we approach perfection on the highest sphere, where sits God eternally, we are all together, for then the divergencies of characters and personalities are absolutely obliterated and lost in the sense of complete love for all. (Phil here drew the figure as represented below.)



And now for the explanation of the triangle: for every grade of perfection on the earth plane, and there is an indefinite number of grades, there is a corresponding sphere on the Heavenly planes. That is, according to attainment on earth we are accordingly placed in Heaven on a higher or lower plane. But people on the earth of opposite thought may both be right in a way, and right is right and in either case is bound to lead to God: that is the significance of the arrows on the earth plane pointing in opposite directions. Now as man emerges from his earth plane consciousness, he enters the heavenly plane of consciousness for which he is ready, and he does not have to die to do this, as is commonly believed. It is at this stage, however, that the change which is called death occurs. I have already explained so much that there is no death, that I shall not repeat the discussion here.

You can see, then, how people of very different characters verge together as they approach God. The farther they are from brotherhood with one another, the farther they are from God! So the closer they are in brotherhood with each other, the nearer the approach to God, where all are united before Him in Love!

You have asked me about the sleeping and eating here. Well, those who need it can sleep or eat, and both may be had at any time; for God's angels minister to all of our needs. But we outgrow these material and wrong ideas in proportion as we become filled with Christ. Of course, the same law applies to the earth plane, but people there don't sufficiently develop the Christ in themselves, and the image of God.

About animals—I haven't seen any, but it seems as though I hear the birds always singing. You see, I was never so passionately fond of them that they were necessary to my happiness. That is why I haven't seen them. But I am told that those who were fond of them on earth, may have them here, but I don't know how much companionship they have with them. Come to think of it, I have seen birds, especially eagles and wild animals, (only they are not harmful here), and they seem to symbolize something for God, for I don't remember seeing people fondling them. We all seem to understand their symbolic value and let it go at that.

Birds of beautiful plumage and song, for example, help us to understand beauty and harmony. A lion stands for might, an eagle for wisdom, etc. I could probably know a great deal more about them if I were interested, but God and Christ are all I want to know, and so that is the line I am strongest in.

One is never weary in heaven, and never needs recreation as you all understand it. One of our foremost recreations is music; we all go to hear music and thus know and become God-inspired. And somehow or other we always know just where to go to find it. Same way with beautiful colorings and sky effects and nature effects. And the great part of it is that we can travel any distance in a flash! We can touch the highest mountain or the depths of the deepest crystal sea! We can laze in beautiful gardens of flowers and inhale heavenly odors. The flowers are so much more wonderful than earthly flowers. Everything here is perfect always—it always remains as it was intended in the beginning by God.

We never need to work unless we wish to, but I never saw anybody yet who didn't *long* to work for his God. He is so good, so loving—gives us everything we ask. Can you wonder that we long to reflect His love by helping Him do His work? For all work here is God's.

Oh, may the Beauty and the Glory and the



Softness and the Peace and the Love which fills my heart and soul and mind also fill yours and the minds of all! I sometimes wonder when I will be able to make you actually realize God! Sometimes the Beauty is too wonderful—I have to rest from its overpowering sweetness, and then I work. And after doing God's work, I find myself able to bear more loveliness—and so our life goes on and on, growing lovelier and lovelier each moment. This I cannot understand, for I cannot conceive anything more lovely than I now know! May God help you to feel, even in the smallest degree, what I feel, and He will bless you indeed!

Heaven is watching over you, and all is good and God is all. Christ is the Way to Peace Everlasting in God our Father. Amen.

\* \* \*

(Writing to one who was rather doubtful about this force used in automatic writing, Phil says:) You don't seem to be able to adjust yourself to His way of doing things. Just because you have never used the force in this way before is no reason why there should not be a first time. And, believe me, this isn't the only way the force can be used. In the future it will be used to propel airplanes or any other vehicle of locomotion in the air. It can propel these more readily than anything on the earth's surface, because of the fitness and adaptability of the ether.

I don't just get all this dope clearly yet, but a more minute study on your part of the atmosphere will unlock many heretofore latent secrets of energy, which have been and still are locked up in the very air you breathe!

It's a simple problem if only you will work it out. Use it anyway and you will discover the explanation in books which are soon to be published. You must discard all preconceived notions, and you must understand that the solution of this whole subject will be worked out wholly from a spiritual basis, and not by any means from a material basis. The Bible and history are full of evidence—why don't people go to them more, instead of going to books which should long ago have been regarded and therefore discarded as untruths about God! Many of the writers of such books are here, and they are all to be given the task of undoing the harm they have done in the past, by influencing the minds of your present writers with Truth Eternal.

Don't doubt this power. Try it yourself—anybody can use it. Let the force move your arm and keep your mind receptive to the things of God. You are bound to have results. Just believe. Nothing else is necessary. Remember Jesus said, "Oh, ye of little faith," which means belief in God's power as dwelling in man. "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder

place; and it shall remove; *and nothing shall be impossible unto you.*" Do you notice the word "remove"? Well, haven't you any faith at all, even enough to let it move your own arm? What I am driving at is this: You must believe in God's power *in yourself*. Now, to believe in God's power abstractly or in other people is one thing; but to believe in God's power in yourself is another thing, and the latter is more essential for this purpose.

Man is God's highest creation. When his consciousness rises above the earth, he becomes one of a sphere of Light, and these spheres circle about the highest sphere where God is, God the Light Everlasting. Glory to God in the Highest!

\* \* \*

Christ wants you to believe in this power, and He wants you to use it at least until a better means is provided according to your more spiritual understanding. It is one of the many steps which lead to a knowledge of Him, and more and more will develop in your life as you write. For instance, you will find after a while that you are, in some almost mysterious way, beginning to really learn the actual truths of creation.

How you would shout and sing for joy, if you only knew of the wonderful, wonderful things God is daily preparing for you! Why, He talks so lovingly and tenderly of all His children—He knows and understands so

well the intimate facts of your lives! Remember—God loves you more than anyone on earth or heaven, or anyone on any sphere. Why, God loves you so much that He sacrificed His only Son just to show you, just to prove to you, that there is no death, that He had abolished the law that made death even *appear* real! Think of it!

Look at it this way: suppose, Connie, that you were a great inventor and had created certain machines which you knew were perfect because you had actually made them so. Well, suppose that everyone who owned one of these machines thought that they were imperfect, and made use of them as imperfect—it is easy to see that they would have imperfect results.

So you decide that you will have to demonstrate to them the perfection of your machine. Accordingly, you send them one just like their own, only this one is operated perfectly, as theirs should have been. Finally, you see that they are not convinced, even when they see the perfect manifestation of your creation. Consequently, you now decide that you will allow them to apparently destroy the whole thing, break it to pieces, crush its life out—all this you allow them to do, for they do not believe in your machine, and you think that if you can prove its value after they have destroyed it, that you will indeed have accomplished your purpose—in proving to them that the machine

still exists perfect as before, even after they have apparently destroyed it.

Well, all this happens; but much to your great surprise and profound sorrow, you discover that they do not believe in you or your machine, or its perfection, any more than ever! In fact, they don't even seem to see the thing when you have restored it to their very sight, after, as they supposed, they had succeeded in destroying it!

So you conclude that the best thing to do is to let the people discover for themselves that the machine is perfect, since they would not believe it when you, its very inventor, proved it to them!

Now, that is somewhat the position that God, our Creator, is in. We are His perfect machines, and He sent His Son, another perfect machine, to us to prove the perfection of our own selves. All we had to do was to follow Him in all things. (Here the writing became excessively large and dark, which is a way of expressing emphasis.) *But the greatest and most awful enemy of all was death, death, death!* Christ Jesus demonstrated this all to us, showing that it was to be overcome by denying its power over us; in fact, that was one of the foremost reasons for His earthly life, to take away forever our belief in death. For it amounts only to a belief of ours, and nobody knows where it ever sprang from.

God is the wonderful Thinker, Inventor,



Demonstrator, Truth-Maker. Help Him, then—join the side of the angels and shout, “Hosanna in the Highest! The Lord is King!” Oh, fling wide the gates forever, and let the throngs of believers enter, leaping and shouting for joy, and praising God, Our Father All-Glorious, Who reigneth forever in Joy and Light and Who dispelleth darkness and Who bringeth Peace to the bands of men. Amen and Amen. Glory Hallelujah!

\* \* \*

Heaven is indeed a wonderful place of Light and Joy Everlasting! Yes, this is your big brother. Dot, I am becoming so filled with this beautiful idea of God for man, that I think you would hardly know me for the roughneck I used to be.

Here is something interesting: I am getting so that my body is losing all its imperfections and I find myself shining, shining white! I didn't realize that I looked like this until someone told me: “Why, Phil, what is it that glorifies you so?” I did not know what to answer, and then Christ came near and said, “See, son, thy whole body is becoming light, even as mine! Come up higher, ever higher! Oh, my son, be thou perfect, even as thy Father which is in heaven.” He took me by the hand, and there was a silent blessing in the movement.

Oh, God, how wonderful are thy ways, and how marvelous are thy works!

What I wish so much is that you all could see the truth as I do. Again I urge you to keep on striving, to keep up courage and hope and faith in the eternal goodness of Almighty God. Oh, never relinquish the highest ideal you have conceived, or the divinest inclination to which your soul has aspired! As Christ says, "Seek contentment in the lovely things of God—come up higher, higher."

Believe in the perfect idea of God, man, and what can be more perfect than a true and living, ever-living manifestation of perfection? Life can be real or unreal, according to the tenor of our thoughts. Man has the power to create his own Eden, and that Garden is man's soul; Adam is the wrong belief which, united with other wrong beliefs, creates a lie, sin, and this sin, the serpent, is born of error. Enter thou into the Garden of Paradise and guard it well with thoughts of beauty and love and compassion; and let the Peace of God which passeth all understanding reign in your Garden forevermore!

Turn not from God, but turn indeed from the evil which thou hast already committed, lest a worse thing come to thee. For thou art the keeper of the Garden, and 'tis thou who reclineth therein, and in Holiness and divine Peace looketh about at the wonders which thy God, thy Father, hast created for thy pleasure. On earth you can still see

these things if you will only develop the Power which is within—God, God, for in very truth, 'tis from no other but Him. He alone is thy King and thou art His servant, a servant of Goodness. But the master is not greater than the servant, except when the servant does not good. God, who is above all and master of all, does not consider Himself superior in an earthly sense of superiority, but He is greater in a divine sense. What I mean is that God does not consider Himself greater, but He really *is* greater—He is so wonderful and He is Perfect Love. Therefore He cannot see Himself greater than any man, by virtue of His being so very great Himself, but that does not alter the fact that He is greater.

Christ often says, when I speak on this subject and mention how unworthy man is of such love—"Son, the master is not greater than the servant. Rememberest thou not that I washed my disciples' feet at the command of my Father? And thinkest thou that my Father would command me to do a thing which He would not do Himself? Never forget the answers given to any who asked to sit in the high places of heaven. Then you can see readily how God would not deny others what He takes for Himself" . . .

There are millions of things which I ought to tell you, but my mind can hardly grasp them in definite enough form to get them

through concisely as I want to. For example, I see so many interesting people all the time, and my work is so absorbing, and Christ is so loving, and the place here is so beautiful, and the people all about me are so good, that sometimes I just creep off alone, all by myself, perhaps in the heart of a beautiful forest, or perhaps on some great mountain-side where I can get a lovely view of the heavens and places about; and I sit and think and pray and I say: "Philip Martin Pierce, what kind of a life have you led on earth that you should deserve all this blessedness?"

And then I dream on and on, and I ask God to give me power and wisdom and the understanding to appreciate it all! Sometimes Christ suddenly appears at my side and tenderly whispers: "Son, lovest thou me?" And I say, "Yea, Lord, thou knowest." And Christ says, "Then come with me and thine eyes shall behold greater glories!" And I follow Him and often am overcome by the magnificent loveliness and I have to rest. And I say, "Go, Christ, go thou for one who is more ready than I, for this day mine eyes have beheld such goodness as my mind cannot grasp in so short a space of time!" So Christ will leave me, and I will sit alone again and contemplate . . .

Always after these experiences, I feel excessive joy and power and a desire to see accomplished what I have in mind; and then

will follow busy days of glorious, ever more glorious work! And so on and so on, world and world and world, without end or beginning!

\*      \*      \*

Well, here I am again, Dot. I have come a long way to get this message through, but, believe me, I am on the job waiting for a call from my loved ones on earth! Poor old earth! Dorothy, it's a good thing you don't see it all as I do, I guess. You'd feel that you wanted to kick somebody—excuse my homely English, but what I mean is this: God showers His eternal goodness upon you all, and none of you know enough to accept it gracefully. Why don't more people realize this and set something stirring?

Why, do you know that it is actually a fact that there is nothing evil that really exists? And do you realize what this all means? Do you know that only goodness, goodness, goodness abounds, everywhere and in all places? That God is everywhere at all times? Do you? Do you know it? (I assured him that we were really trying our best to realize this, and asked him where he had been that it was necessary for him to come such a distance to get this message through.)

I was allowed to go up to another sphere and there I saw what's coming to me in the near future! Listen, Dot; the sphere



that I visited was all so light and splendid, and all the people there were so good, absolutely, that I felt rather out of place in the presence of such goodness, but that is the very reason Christ took me there. He said I was ready to behold a Promised Land, and to learn Goodness as God meant it to be. Well, I talked with everybody and got a lot of dope. And whom should I meet but mother's father and aunt there! I didn't see her mother, as she was off doing work on another sphere. Mother's father was so pleased to see me, as Grandma Pierce had told him about me. (Mother's father and mother had never seen Phil on earth.) We talked of everything. You can imagine how it was. Mother's aunt said it was a great privilege to be allowed to visit a higher sphere.

Well, we all walked around and it was such a busy place! You see, there is so much to be done! And the higher we go, the greater our work. The scenery was magnificent beyond description. At one time we stood on the bottom of a vast expanse of water, which was as crystal and clear as could be. It had a soothing effect, and gave me the feeling of God, Goodness, Ineffable Love, Joy! There were countless other people around, and the sight of their faces was an inspiration! They were all filled with such Love and Joy that is boundless and impossible to express—it is the kind that is great to such an extent, that it can be only

felt. You see, gradually we become so that we feel, and so it is not necessary to voice our feelings or thoughts, for everyone feels the same.

At another time we walked through a beautiful forest, and the trees were *real* trees—no imperfect leaves, but each leaf perfect; no broken bark, but bark intact, as God created and meant it to be; no dead branches. And the breeze rustled the leaves and made a sort of music, which made me so happy, that I cried—yes, cried—it was too much!

And then we went into beautiful meadows where there were birds and flowers and many brooks flashing in the sunshine, and from these, too, came that wonderful music, praising God and His Boundless Goodness to all men! Oh, Glory to God! I fell prostrate then, overpowered—I seemed to feel it all so plainly. And then Christ came and said, “I have much more to show you when you can bear it, my son. Follow me.”

And I followed Him, and, oh, Dot! He took my hand in His and led me as if I were a little child, and into my mind came the scripture: “He leadeth me beside still waters and pleasant places.” And I thought of you all and I asked Christ if He thought you could understand all this, and, Dot dear, He turned to me and said: “I will reveal it unto them, for my sake. Lovest thou me?” I said, “Yea, Lord, more than all else. Show me

the Father." And He said, "Whosoever hath seen Me, hath seen the Father, for I and my Father are one."

But I was puzzled and He added, "Understandest thou not that I am the Way to the Father?" And—God in Heaven!—I was lifted with Him into space and I clung to Him for Joy, and found myself in the Presence, but the Light blinded me, and I shouted, "God! God! God! Reveal Thyself and take this blindness from my eyes!"

And He answered my prayer—Dorothy, I saw God! I cannot describe—I must stop—God is here—He calls—Heaven keep you—

\* \* \*

(My grandmother on my mother's side, who died when mother was a little girl, came immediately in response to a call one evening.) Well, here I am, dear child, (referring to mother); I am your mother who left you so long ago. (Mother had not until now made any definite attempts to reach her mother.) I see that you are calling me, and I come to you bringing the love of a mother to your heart. I see your son and he shows what a mother you have been! He is a beautiful boy and I never thought I would see him here. I see you had named him for my husband and he does credit to the name. He is talking to me now and telling me all about your lovely family and his dear wife. He feels so happy to think that you all believe this truth!

My dear little girl, how can I express my joy at having you once more? I sometimes thought this time would never come. But God tells us that all will be well, and that every child of His creation will come to His Holy Will. Child, you must talk often with your mother and let me be a true and living mother to you, for you never knew a mother's love as you will, dear, now! I will be with you always and I will learn to know your son and lift him up to God. He will learn, oh, so quickly, for he is already doing so much good by bringing joy to the hearts of those who have passed the Valley of Death. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Philip's mission is to fulfill these words.

He is anxious that I should tell him things about my life on a higher plane, so I must leave you for a little while and minister to his needs and answer his questions. I think his eyes are yours; he says they are, also his hair—his whole self is a beautiful revelation of what a man my little girl has brought into being! . . .

\* \* \*

(Asking for information on the subject of death from one whom I considered good authority, I received this reply:) Oh, my dear, dear child, striving to reach out for God's jewels! Keep on, push on, never faint,

and He will drop His Holy treasures into thine uplifted palm. Oh, sing and shout and praise our God Almighty, for great is He above all and all, and there is none beside Him!

Death, death, death, the folly of the world sets thee on high and enthrones thee and would place the crown of victory upon thy hoary head! But the children of Light shall enter where thou sittest, and shall tear down the altar which has been consecrated to this awful unreality, this powerless fugitive from God. Death, thy power shall be set at naught forevermore!

Raise the dead—raise them that sleep, for the power of death is set at naught when one ray of God's Light enters to strip off its disguise. Beware of the lion in sheep's clothing! Death, mighty spectre of the result of sin, let us drive it from the portals of our thought, and fasten well the brazen gates of Truth and Life, against which all the tumult and power of hell cannot prevail! Oh, be not afraid, ye of the world, but rest, rest in Christ Jesus, and worship the Lord God Everlasting!

Thy brother lives, and I see him and help him and bear him often to the Lamb, who loves us all; and then we talk of God's wonderful works to all men—and we talk of His Divine and Holy Will of Good for all. Rejoice! for death is no more, and beside God there is none. And man, even though he



choose to die, yet shall he live, for so commands the God of Love! Amen forever! Peace to all the world, which is from everlasting to everlasting, from them that sit in the seats of Eternity, where are thought eternal thoughts and where Eternity sits in its entirety.

## PART FOUR

“Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came to the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them. And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.

“And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in shining garments: And as they were afraid, and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you while he was yet in Galilee.

“And they remembered his words, And returned from the sepulchre, and told all these things unto the eleven, and to all the rest. And their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not. Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulchre; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

“And, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs.

And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him.

“And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and he made as though he would have gone further. But they constrained him, saying, Abide with us: And he went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they rose up the same hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, Saying, The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.

“And as they thus spake, Jesus himself stood in the midst of them, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they had seen a spirit. And he said unto them, Why are ye troubled? and why do thoughts arise in your hearts? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.”

(Luke XXIV).

## CHAPTER ONE

Dot, I know that everything seems to be in great confusion on the earth, but it will not last for long. I think that the time for perfection, demonstrated in all, is not far off. But of course, there is a chance that I may be mistaken as we see everything here in its finality as purposed in the mind of our Heavenly Father. So if there is anything in the scriptures that puzzles you, as unfulfilled prophecies for good, etc., you must know the reason for it.

(I interrupted Phil here to ask him from what source they derive their information.) Well, that is a pretty big question to answer all at once. I hardly know where to begin. First of all, we have teachers who meet us shortly after or at the time of our passing, as the case needs. If we are ready to learn, that is, if we do not need rest as do many after they first come over, we are instructed immediately concerning the change. The teachers come from higher planes, one plane higher if we are ready for just that much advancement, and two or more planes higher if we are able to spiritually grasp the knowledge and revelation.

("Phil," I said, "describe other things, scenes that you see. It is so good to know

what you are seeing." I had the impression at the close of my question that an instructor wished to reply, and I gave my assent. Accordingly, a new personality controlled.) All is beyond the vision and intelligence of the finite senses, things of the imagination, things unreal, and not of truth. According as you develop spiritually, you will grow to comprehend heavenly scenes which are daily disclosed to your seeingless eyes. In all reality, the finite does not comprehend the infinite; therefore, the infinite cannot relate to the finite the realities of eternity. But the finite may parallel with the infinite, and in this way the direction or meaning of things of eternity and of all reality shall be made manifest to those tied to the finite. Therefore, see thou in all things finite the infinite, for when thou doest this, the finite merges into the infinite, and so man merges into God. God is Life, and Life is God and God is greater than Life, for He is the Maker of it. The Maker is greater than His creation. God manifests Himself only in His own creations, for all that is made, is made by Him. This is the Love of God, to be in His creation and in His Will. An instructor."

(I felt the instructor withdraw and Phil came.) It seems to me that you could all do no better than to live constantly where you can get glimpses of the Lord in creation. You must take advantage of everything you



have which tends to add to your spiritual happiness, for that is God's idea in putting things before man's eyes to enjoy, such as beautiful spots on earth, lovely sunsets, colorings, etc. In reality you are doing Him a service when you take advantage of His creation and show your appreciation of the same by living where you can see it as God originally created it.

Of course, no matter where you are, you will find people, and if you look for it, you can find God in each one, and without looking far. The only necessary condition to seeing God in a person, is to manifest Him in yourself. For if you see Him in yourself, you will feel His Holy Influence which is certainly bound to have a divine and everlasting beneficial effect upon your very soul! To feel God is really the same as seeing Him, so far as the subjective effect is concerned.

\* \* \*

(One day I again gave up my pencil to anyone who had an uplifting message to give.) To whom it may concern: let this be a sign unto you that it shall be put into the mouths of babes to declare the Glory of God and His Son, Christ. All hail the power which shall transcend the understanding of a foolish man, but the wise man shall interpret and thereby receive the benediction of God. (Not knowing, of course, who the writer was, I made a suggestion.) No, I am

not he, but I am a true follower and worshiper of Him who sits on High and who is the kind and loving administrator of the Eternal Universe. Why must ye always know who speaks for your God? I am one who asks in His name and who receives and gives for His sake. (I expressed an understanding of his attitude and words.) You interpret well, child, and your understanding will always be enlightened according to the strength of your holy desire.

(I might here add, by way of explanation, that the assertion "that it shall be put into the mouths of babes to declare the Glory of God" was a direct answer to my mental question. Previous to taking this message, one of Phil's little daughters, only three years old, had talked to me steadily under inspiration for two hours, without experiencing the slightest fatigue. Her little face shone with an expression which I can only describe as "Heavenly." I do not as yet feel that the time has come when I shall be able to give the world the marvelous truths which this child revealed. Suffice it to say, she had received no suggestion from us concerning any of this truth.)

\*      \*      \*

(Concerning the location of Heaven, I received the following from Phil:) It is right here where you and I are. It is rather hard to explain, but the earth plane begins the

thing, and on that evolves the next plane, and on that the next, and so on and so on to the infinite or highest sphere, which is on the plane of Light Everlasting, where is God, the center of the whole, wonderful, self-evolved scheme!

Don't let this worldly stuff get you; just go easy and know that it will come out all right. I know what I am saying; and I will get you to feel the ultimate outcome of things, of the perfection of the whole universe!

Whenever you take a pencil, it's like turning the knob and pulling open the door. I stand on the other side of that door, dear, and I can look through and see you. For God's sake, open the door and let me talk to you, for even though I shout, you cannot hear me so long as the door is closed, and remember—you are the one who has the key; for if I were to open the door from my side and cross the threshold to you, you would not see or feel me. So God arranges that you on the earth plane shall be the holders of the key which opens the door to His Glory and Peace. So fling it wide, and great will be the joy of all who dare to enter and inquire in His Holy Temple!

Behold! Christ Jesus will greet you and show you the way, and death is not a liberator but a gaoler which binds mortal believers to the prison of their mortal beliefs. You must deny the fact of death and look now for

revelations entirely beyond my power to reveal or even describe! But I shall try my best to make you feel it as I do! God keep you 'til we speak again to each other!

\*      \*      \*

Well, I could talk to you forever, but I know that I must not. We had such a wonderful demonstration of Christ's Love today! A man who had blasphemed came here from the earth with blasphemy still on his lips. Christ held him close and whispered, "Love me, for I love you." The poor guy was all broken up and tried to explain that he ought to be sent to hell, but Christ said, "Son, there is no hell outside of the gates of your own remorse!" That got the fellow, and he asked Christ what under heaven he could do to recompense, and Christ said, "Walk with me through Paradise and I will show all things unto you whereby you shall be made pure and holy in the sight of God!"

This is only one of the millions of examples we have of Christ's love toward man. Oh, love Him always! Be happy and prove thereby that you believe in Him and in the Goodness of the Father.

God keep you all, and give you peace; and may He reveal unto you the glories of heaven, such as will give you joy and peace and love forever and forever. Amen.

\*      \*      \*

God's man is what you see, body and soul

and mind, all being one. So see God in His handiwork, and you will see us, not as filmy unrealities, but as real as you are, and more real! You will see us just as we are and were—as for clothes, we can appear in any attire we wish, but here we are draped in filmy white as a rule, and according to our faith and understanding, our bodies become beautified.

The heavenly state is a wonderful place to be in. I call it a “state” because it is a state of mind. The locality seems to change, but in reality it is the mind that has changed. All here is harmony. Imagine a place where everything is actually Peace and Music! We learn much from music, by just listening to it, and thus much is imbibed of life or God. To impart to you an idea of this life is really very hard, for as I said before, it is more of a mental state than an actuality, as you would see it, but all the more true, eternal, everlasting, and indestructible, for that very reason, and all the more chance for a person to increase in Life and Power.

The hell of the Bible is merely the condition of a person’s own conscience, the same as Heaven, the one being the reverse of the other. Heaven is positive and hell is negative. Heaven is growth in Spirituality, a mental concept of God, or the understanding of His truths. Hell, then, is merely the reverse. To be in hell is to be shut out from the sight of God. Hell is a condition, the



state of a person's own mind, that's all. All who do not look on life in the Light are in hell, to a greater or less degree. Hell is not a place and never was. All is progress and an increase of life. I hope I make myself clear to you. A thought is more than words: think right now—you often have a conception or an understanding of something; still to put it into words is an impossibility. Thoughts are more expressive than words. Here we seldom resort to language—we, by the use of the power of God, project our thoughts one to the other. The result of this is, of course, death to deceit.

A thought is like an impression, or possibly a feeling, if the impression is very strong; and so once a person has mastered this thought-getting and thought-giving without the aid of spoken language, it is easy to impart further knowledge or information in its exact truth. Only the truth may be imparted from one person to another by thought, whereas words are often the cloak which conceals the truth.

(Constance asked if she could be where he was.) Surely, but there is only one way to do that. Never forget this: there is but one life and that is eternal. If you were to die tomorrow, so to speak, you would still be in the same mental state, excepting that mistaken ideas or error destroy themselves. Only the real part of you would remain. When a person starts to progress in truth,

it is impossible to go back. This may seem strange, but it is so. So, then, there is no death, except to things which have no reality or immortality. Yes, you could be where I am, and death, so-called, is not that which will bind us, but what can bring us together is mentality, understanding, light concerning things now unseen. And this you will attain if you will persist, for thus is the last enemy of man destroyed!

To understand why at present I am on this plane and you on another, is to understand the law of God. So strive to understand Him. To do this, we must grow, our capacity must increase eternally. If God is eternal and infinite, then so are His laws. We must look on life, then, from an eternal standpoint, without beginning and without end. To comprehend it actually, we must deny the finite, mortal, and that which changes; for the things of God change not.

*To comprehend and live in the infinite or eternal life is the present privilege of all.* It is to realize as perfect all things, and, believing, to see as accomplished that which is to be in eternity. There is no time nor space, nothing to traverse, so you see, to realize the Infinite which is God, and to believe, is to have. To believe is to have—did not Christ say this while on the earth plane? and did He not illustrate the meaning of belief by His so-called miracles, which in reality were not miracles at all, but all the normal work-

ings of God's laws for His children! Without results there could have been no belief, in the truest sense of the word. People claim to believe, but do they strive to put that belief into action? An idea in the mind of man verges into belief, and belief into action when man accepts the bounties of God. To accept a thing we must reach for it. There is no tyrannical force about God, nothing but love—and love does not intrude or put in bondage.

Sing, angels of God! For we are happy eternally, and are working out God's own Plan for the world, which is Love consummated in service, each with the other. Amen and Amen.

\*      \*      \*

So glad for another chance to get a word through. I wish that you were with me in this state for a while, just to see what it is like. I heard you discussing associations and companionships in this state. Only those, as I tried to explain before, are associated at first who are kindred spirits, but gradually all men grow together in perfection. It is mortal mind, or the mind perverted, which seems to differentiate men. However, all are of the one God, and God is no respecter of persons.

I see you and am with you a great part of the time, and I do not despair of making you feel my presence. I know I do already, to a certain extent, but I want you to feel me

more, so that I can help you more. All weariness, as you know, is in the mind, and if I can get into your mind also, I can put that out, with the help of God and in His Name always, for God alone is Love, and through the agency of this love are accomplished the wonders to the men of the earth! To believe is to have, and to have, *we must reach out!* So in order to have, you must believe as true that which you wish to have right now. It's hard to explain belief, but that's the idea.

Here is another way to look at it—God has been bounteous and given to all men. He is no respecter of persons. So, then, men in their benefits are in equality as far as God is concerned. So what you need and want is yours, but you must see it and reach out for it.

Tell all people that love is a big universal thing. It is a thing which you all understand only in a very small degree. Now, love is really a condition of the mind—you have often felt it in the midst of a crowd, how you loved them all, each one! Perhaps the feeling was only temporary, but you felt it just the same. Well, in a very small degree, that is what we feel continually.

Tell Constance that she will feel the same way when her state of mind becomes like mine. Oh, you will be far happier when you are ready to give love, love, love, than when you are so narrow with it and are keeping it

for just a few. Love, to be real, has to be *big*, because can't you see the minute it becomes a narrow, cramped thing, it ceases to be love? You will all have to learn what love universal is. Now, the love for kindred can be selfish or unselfish. It is selfish if you so bind yourself up in it that you neglect the welfare of others, who are not kindred according to man's law; because you must remember that according to God's law, all men are kindred. But if you have the right love for kin, that very love ennobles and enlarges your character and makes you long to do for others as you would for your own!

Can you imagine Christ's way of loving? He loved His Mother and His sisters and brothers, and yet He gave all for God—still He loved His kindred more deeply than any after Him have loved theirs! It does not take from the love of kin to bestow it upon others, but as I said before, that very love must be the seed of greater love.

\*      \*      \*

(The following conversation is recorded as it occurred, P. indicating Philip, D. indicating myself.)

D. Coming over the hill today, I noticed so much in nature that was faded and forlorn appearing—it seemed so out of keeping with the newness of spring.

P. Yes, and yet there is nothing faded or forlorn in God's Kingdom.



D. Do you not see dead leaves, broken twigs, etc.?

P. Sometimes—it depends upon my state of mind. If I am very near my earthly idea of things, things appear earthly; but if I inspire myself by my surroundings, all is changed in the twinkling of an eye, and again I see the universe as perfect as God has created it from the beginning. And so it shall be throughout all eternity.

D. How does the evolution theory work in such a scheme of things? If all is perfect as it now is, there is no evolutionary development possible, is there?

P. Well, a tree is a tree, a rock a rock, a bird a bird, and a man a man, forever and forever—yet the perfect tree, the perfect rock, the perfect bird, the perfect man, are all developing according to man's vision; but God's vision of them all is already perfect, and so for Him there is no evolution, but accomplished perfection.

When God looks at an oak, He does not see merely something huge growing out of the ground, with branches, trunk, etc. He sees more in that oak tree alone than most men see in the whole universe! The same with each thing of His creation. So when we come to conceive of His idea of man, the highest of His creations and the most like Himself, you can readily see or imagine how inconceivably, infinitely marvelous and lovely such an idea would be! Man is really a

wonderful thing. He has power over all other things of creation and he can subject all things to his will, so long as his will is holy and good, and so long as his purpose is to seek the Father by living the life of the Son. Oh, God be praised! His boundless goodness extends to the farthest realms of glory!

D. Phil, dear, do you ever see darkness in your state of mind? Or is it true, as the scriptures say: "There is no night there"?

P. I have never seen any darkness since I have been here, but I think that in some parts there is night. You see, the darkness offsets the light, makes a background for it, and so in this way accentuates the light which is everywhere present.

D. You mean, then, that some places are always light, while others have light in the darkness?

P. Yes, exactly, but I have seen only light.

D. Why haven't you seen any darkness?

P. Because I have had enough of that—it seems to me that I cannot get enough light. I am too new here. Only those who have been here a long time can bear the darkness.

D. You mean that it is depressing?

P. No, but it is not so positive as light, and we all need positiveness now if ever.

D. To whom do you refer?

P. To people like myself who have so much to learn.

D. And what about rain and snow? Do you ever have either?

P. Yes, oh yes! But we are never hindered by them in our work, or annoyed in any way. Why, I never saw such marvelous snow-storms as we have here—they are beautiful—so radiant and soft—it is indescribable! They are just like your storms, only we can appreciate and interpret.

D. And the rain—is it for beauty or utility?

P. Well for both, just like snow—it furnishes water for our lakes and rivers, etc., but we don't need it for cultivating, or for washing or drinking as you do. All things here are spotlessly clean, and our garments dazzling white—always. I have never yet seen one atom of filth or dirt here.

D. This question may seem rather crude, but it is interesting to know—about your hair—does it continue to grow?

P. There is no hair on our faces as on earth, unless we wish it, but it grows thick on our heads. Each man works out his own idea of beauty: some have beards, and others are clean-shaven. Some have short hair and others very long, but there is never an over-abundance or under-abundance.

## CHAPTER TWO

(The next day Phil and I continued our conversation.)

P. A great many things are going to be proved which will show that this wonderful power of communication can be developed to a great degree. You have no idea what it can lead to, and yet you will soon see that, looking back, it will have led you into paths beautiful with the Joy of knowledge and the Peace of understanding!

I am so full of this overwhelming sense of love and God's great Power and Good Will and Tenderness to all men, that the idea of the thing often overpowers me, and even at times blurs my vision of the way-marks to Perfection. What I mean is that the goal is so clear to me, that the path to the goal seems all too long and useless. And yet I know that without traversing this path, no man finds the Father. You see, I want things too fast, before I understand them. Christ tells me all is love, beauty, and goodness, and I would rather take Him at His Holy word, and build on that, than try to work it out in my life.

D. In other words, you want to jump to your conclusions rather than work them out?

P. Yes, but that is not God's way. Christ

often says, "Have patience, son; run the pace that is set for you, and trust the Father to reveal all in His time." However, it is not that I don't trust Him, but I bank all on trust because I see that a man can easily do this. It is as though a man wanted something all his life, and suddenly saw it set before him. He would wish to take it at once, of course; would he care how it came? Especially if he knew the Giver was All-Power and a Perfect Giver?

Well, so it is with me; but I am ever learning the laws and understanding God's idea better and better—that is the duty of each of us, and no matter how long delayed, every man must come by this truth! All men must at some time believe the truth, and in proportion as they believe it here and now, so shall they demonstrate it in their lives. You can pick them out, just as Christ did. He chose His following, you will remember, and even they could not endure unto the end, so don't be discouraged when others don't believe this. Besides, doubt kills our power and influence.

Oh, Dot, I am doing so many things, that it is hard to tell you of them all as I would like to. I am both scholar and teacher. I see and understand things which others do not, and others see and understand what I don't. And so it goes, one helping the other—all helping God!

I have traveled over so many places and



haven't begun to see what there is to see. Somebody takes a trip and, returning, urges me to take it; somebody else does the same thing, and so on and so on, until I am almost distracted deciding where I should go first. My thoughts haven't been on travel so much as others', though, for I have been spending most of my time in study. I read a little and attend lectures, but I gain most of my knowledge through music, (oh, such music as we hear!), or else I go off alone with an instructor to some very beautiful quiet place, and there I learn to develop my spiritual sight and mind.

And, oh, Dorothy! returning from such talks, I hardly know the paths over which I came, for all has become so gloriously more beautiful! I see so much that I did not see before. Why, I am beginning now to see the earth as a wonderful place of Light and Beauty! All its filth and ugly places are constantly vanishing into their original nothingness, for who has created all this filth and ugliness? God? Never! Man, then? No, for man has power to create only what he can see in his error. Truth never sees man's creations.

On the other hand, all that man demonstrates of God, in music and art and construction and right-thinking, become eternal creations, but even these are God's creations really, for man manifests and demonstrates ideas already in the God-Mind, Who

alone knows and creates all. That is what Christ meant when He said, "It is not I who doeth the works, but my Father in me."

If ever you look at a beautiful thing, or hear an inspiring theme, you will know that you are listening to the still small voice—and man is but the instrument of that voice. That is why it is so important that each of us should bring to life our noblest thoughts and ambitions. They are Heaven-sent, sent for a purpose, namely, to be made manifest to those of mankind who do not know a particular beautiful inspiration that may come to another. It is thus that God disseminates Himself, so to speak. To one He gives a talent for one thing; to another, a different talent, but all work out the God-character in its unity.

D. And what of a talent one may wish to possess, but does not?

P. It may all be had for the asking, for all things are possible to the Giver of all!

D. It is a wonderful universe, indeed! I suppose, then, that those to whom no talent seems to have been given, really possess it, but it is still latent?

P. Exactly.

D. About sickness—do you see it in people who have passed on?

P. All is becoming perfect to my sight, especially in the light of my new understanding that sickness is the illusion of the senses. It really can take no hold of a man's body if

he can believe this way. But all people are not the same—"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." It makes no difference what religion you profess—the fact remains that you have or have not God's power to do. It's always hard for us to understand creeds as you differentiate them on earth, because we have no such differences here.

There is simply one Holy Truth, and that is to follow Christ. He has marked the way for us; that was why He came to earth. But man has always kept the Christ-life in the background, in the face of bringing his own idea of life to the fore. You see the result: one of the most direful results is that man has created death for himself. God taught that man was deathless, and made him so, but man has for thousands of years been growing away from that idea, until finally things came to such a pass that God sent His Son to prove again the deathlessness and blessedness of life.

Still we see the result: man even tried to show God that he could kill His Son by crucifying Him! God allowed His Son three days in the tomb to prove to man that with all his force and wrong material ideas of death and burial, that neither one nor the other could stop the eternal breath of life.

And, behold, on the third day He arose! And did man believe even then? Not all believed, and others had first to be convinced by signs from Heaven, which gave them the

understanding. Christ ascended from their sight—so goes the Bible story—and to this day the Christ of many has ascended, and man cannot soar with Him, because he is blinded by his gross understanding. Oh, be not like unto these, but stand looking up—life up your hearts and souls and minds to see the Christ Radiant Above, where He sits with the Father Eternally!

“And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all men unto me,” are His own words—sweet words of compassion, mercy, tenderness, love! Never be discouraged of the vision, for if you do see but darkly now, the greater shall be the Joy of the Light! So have patience and develop your mind, your spirit, and watch and hope and pray that your eyes may be opened forever to see Him!

\* \* \*

(A very dear friend, referred to in a preceding letter, writes concerning her life:) I am meeting so many dear people who passed into this life long before I did—some of them died when I was only a child, and I knew of them only through my mother or father. But, oh, how good it seems to see them now! I never realized before what it meant to love and be loved by so many dear ones, all of God’s own making! Oh, the sweetness of this life is almost overpowering! I sleep quite a bit, for it is all so new, and it seems to tire me a little to adjust my

mind to such a new and perfect and glorious condition of things!

I am trying also to teach others what is the essence of love, those who do not know what it is to love or be loved. And that is how I learn of love myself, by explaining it to others. The Apostle, John, is the great teacher of this crowning virtue, and he is the one who tells me, when there is something more I would learn of love.

(I asked, "You mean that you have seen the disciple, John, the beloved, and that he teaches you?") Yes; does that surprise you? You will notice that little children are his charges, and they will speak of him. (Philip's little daughter often mentions John, and so I replied, "I know what you mean. I have heard them.")

And, Dorothy, if you could only see how gentle and loving he is! I have seen him clasp children to his breast and comfort them as a mother would—children who have died frightened, or by some unnatural means. Such as these, John is sent to, and even to older people who pass over in such a way; because he has a tender way which is his special talent in dealing with afflicted ones. Of course, sometimes their own parents or family are here to do such a service; it depends upon the individual case.

I have spent a great deal of my time with John, and I find that in his presence my mind becomes remarkably illumined—sometimes



he does not even need to speak, because I get the thought as he flashes it to me. And then I will ask him questions and he will answer, just as any teacher and pupil discuss a problem. It is all so sweet and normal and good—I can hardly believe it!

Sometimes I awake, startled, fearing that It has all been a dream, but always John or some other loving teacher is there to reassure me of the truth. God help you to feel it all as I do, dear. My constant thought is of you, hoping that speedily your mind, too, may be relieved and illumined as is mine! Goodbye for a little while. I shall send you another letter soon. In the meantime, know that I am actually with you, radiant and beautiful in my Father's House forevermore!

\* \* \*

(I have often asked Phil for information as to what one should study on earth in order to most fully develop real spirituality and a knowledge of realities.) If you will open up your mind to my influence, I can make you understand many important things. At first it may be difficult for you to grasp them, but you must open the valve, as it were, and let the flood of knowledge pour in. All knowledge is from God—remember that—and don't think that Heaven is a mere Sunday School class, by any manner of means! If it were not for Heaven, there would be no institutions of learning.

There is no knowledge on earth but what has come from the Source of all. Look to your Heavenly Father, your own God, when you would know anything, from how to pass a current of electricity, to the proper method of taking silk from a cocoon and making it into cloth!

Any piece of work, any piece of art, or any piece of literature, all are but foretastes of that greater work, that greater art, that greater literature, which flow from the Divine Spring that waters all the earth.

I have been interested in hearing you all talk of the birds and their morning and evening songs. The reason for the morning song is simply to cheer man, upon his waking into the new day, and in the evening to remind him again that life is but a song. All day long the birds seek to explain joy to man; the first thing man hears in the morning is this song of joy, and at night the same little message of cheer is brought to him by these wonderful little songsters!

I inquired about this, because I heard you questioning about it. It is just one of the many signs that God is Joy. Man proves that God is Love. Flowers prove that He is Beauty. The sun, moon, and stars prove that He is Light.

\*      \*      \*

(One morning shortly after we had purchased a little puppy, I had a strong impres-

sion that Phil wanted to tell me something about the dog. I tried to dismiss the idea, however, as it seemed rather absurd to me that he should wish to communicate concerning so trivial a matter. That same evening I wrote as usual, and the following came through:)

P. I was trying to tell you this morning that I have already seen Dad's dog here in his maturity before he was born on earth.

D. That seems rather peculiar. Are all animals matured in that state before entering this?

P. Yes, but I never noticed it before.

D. Then it naturally follows that all life, animal, vegetable, and mineral, matures in the heavenly state before its appearance on earth.

P. Yes.

D. Has man lived with God in his maturity before being born here?

P. Man has always existed as a matured idea to God and as clearly visible to Him before his birth on the earth, as he is should he return to Him in his maturity after several years of earthly life.

D. Then God actually saw you, the grown man, before you were born on earth?

P. Yes.

D. And the same holds true of all life, you say?

P. It does so far as God is concerned, and those who are spiritually developed

enough to perceive the fact of life everlasting.

D. How was it that you happened to see our dog?

P. Someone called my attention to a dog that was running near us, and said, "See that dog? Well, he is going to belong to your dad."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, for I thought he might mean the dog would be dad's when he came over—I was puzzled.

"He is going to be born on earth soon and your dad is going to buy him."

It sounded rather foolish to me, and I didn't think much more about it until I saw dad buying the dog. First I got his intention, and it sure was interesting to stand by while he was picking out the very dog he was destined to choose!

D. That sounds as though all our acts were destined.

P. No, man is a free-will agent, but what his choice shall be is already known by God. When anyone is said to prophecy, he is simply stating what a man's choice shall be in the future.

Get this straight: God sees man before his birth on earth, perfect and eternal.

D. Do others see also?

P. Yes, if they are sufficiently spiritual; but God sees first. It is not a privilege, but a law which works automatically. God sees first—then anyone who is spiritual enough

may see. Some do and some don't. God has nothing to do with it. Man works out his own development.

Here is an explanation of man's creation: God conceives an idea of a man or woman. He then proceeds to manifest it in perfection here. After He has breathed upon His child the breath of life, birth occurs. The rest you know, except that man should never age or grow old, but he should attain maturity and so remain forever and forever, perfect and eternal. But his spiritual development never ceases, never, for such is the reason and purpose of life, and each must fully manifest Him some day, according to the spirit of the man. . . .

(Here my pencil paused, and I knew that Phil was thinking of something different:.) It was just a year ago today that I managed to get word through that medium in—to mother that I was really alive and well and happy here. What a course of events have taken place since then, and what a course of events is to follow!

What the world needs is constructive thinkers, builders, makers-anew! Oh, if people would only become more imbued with the spirit of hope and faith in the things still unseen by them! And yet these very unseen things are continually being manifested! It seems to me that that very fact would make them more real. For instance, suppose that you awake in the night and it is so dark



that you can see nothing — yet you know that you are in your own room, although you do not at all see it. Now light floods the room and you see it all plainly—yet your mind may be ill at ease, perhaps, and longs to be with one who is not there. Does not that room begin to assume a certain unreality?

This, of course, is a very simple statement of the fact that the things which are seen are the unreal and temporary, while the things which are unseen are the real and the eternal. It is probably easier for me to see this than it is for you, because that is exactly what has been so clearly proved to me. The things which to me were always real and substantial are now merging into the unreal and the unsubstantial, and vice-versa. Matter, for example, at one time mastered my sense of God and His Power of transcendence to and permeation through all things. This is not Pantheism, Mind in matter, but Mind in Mind-Manifest. The universe and every so-called material object in it is not really consistent of matter but of Mind made manifest; a house is the manifestation of the mind of an architect, a book is the manifestation of the mind of an author, a tree, flower, animal, or a man, or any living thing, are all manifestations of the Mind of God. Notice the difference here between the God-Mind and the man-mind: one creates life, the other death—for all that

man creates shall return to its manifestation of the God-Mind.

Of course, as I have before explained, this would not hold true of a man-made beautiful work of art, that is, if it is beautiful in a divine sense. For it is here that man reflects the God-Mind. But a house as a house, a book as a book, a picture as a picture, are all short-lived; whereas the idea which produced the house, book, or picture beautiful, will continue in its work of higher and ever higher manifestation of self, until it reaches the perfect state where it ceases to need manifestation, being the sum of the perfect man.

D. Is absolute perfection of man ever reached?

P. Why, yes, of course! But man will never be God, that is, of like power with God, for God created man, and this is the only power of God which man shall never attain, the creation of self or the universe—God is the creator of all. He will continue to be the Father and Creator of all, but man, even the perfect man, shall never cease to be most active throughout all eternity. Indeed, God Himself, is ever active for there is always work to do teaching others.

Christ is the Head Teacher of all, for He is the Son of God.

The mission of the Virgin Mary is to teach true motherhood and womanhood. You know there are some women who do not

measure up to the mark of their creation. Mary, the Mother of Christ, inspires and teaches such as these, and behold! all is Perfect and Pure in the Sight of God! A woman can do no better than to be a woman, the essence of tenderness and sweetness; and the duty of a man is to *be* one! I have seen more spineless males made men than you can imagine!

May God continue to inspire in you all the truths of Light and Perfect Love, which alone endure unto the end!

## EPILOGUE

(In this last message of Phil's I hope that any who read may interpret, for I believe it is a summing up of much that he has said. I hope that all will apply the truths individually, for I am very sure it was his intention in giving it so.) I often wonder just when all things will be understood by mankind. It seems to me that God could hustle along the perfection of man if He would. He thinks, however, that men must work out the thing individually and not as a whole. All of you who believe in this power are beginning to catch glimpses of God which should impel you the stronger to seek Him more and more, far into the deep recesses of His Own Creative Ideas, which are the unfolding of the Eternal Plans for the Ages that always have been, now are, and shall continue to be.

If you would only keep on and not let *anything* cause you to stop or even doubt! Say, Dot dear, don't you think it is a marvelous thing that I am not away from any of you, and never, never will be? Oh, God be praised for His Goodness in creating us all and putting in us such a wonderful love for each other—and, best of all, praise Him for the fact that He created Love itself, and is

the author of it, and put it into our hearts for each other, and will allow it to exist eternally. Some people who seem to be ignorant of the subject of love, think that love between people on the earth plane exists only as long as life exists on that plane and no longer.

Well, that is not at all true. In fact, it is right there that the great fact of death and its deceitful results spring! Now, life is a thing which is an eternal development, an eternal living, living, living, seeing, seeing, seeing! Then, if you forget that you ever even thought that anything could cut it off, or even check it, you will find that you can save yourself a lot of unintended and absolutely unnecessary grief. Life *is, is,*—understand?

I wish I knew where that idea of death sprang from. I think if the origin of the thing were discovered, that it could be overcome much more easily. Dot, here we are, right before your very eyes! Anyone who believes can easily see us—there is nothing more to it than that. For instance, if someone actually convinced you that you were blind, you would finally believe you were, especially if everybody kept saying it was so. People seem to believe more in the authority of each other than they do in the authority of their God!

It's man's fault, not God's—and the whole fault doesn't lie solely with you on the earth



plane; it is likewise our fault here, those of us who are less spiritually developed. Then, of course, we wasted so much time while we were on the earth plane. Understand—as I said in the beginning, we don't blame you—we remember only too well how it was with us. But my idea is this: I do wish that any of us in my state of consciousness could actually make you all understand that *we are just as we always were, and that nothing is changed except a few wrong beliefs we had concerning ourselves and you had concerning us.*

I believe, though, that the problem will be solved before long, because so many people are wondering about it, and the answer is bound to come.

Whether you can believe it or not, the love of any of us in my present state is far greater than any love any of you are capable of feeling, so long as your present state of consciousness remains unchanged. Do you understand me? I mean that we here in this heavenly atmosphere are capable, by the very essence of that atmosphere, of feeling a deeper love for you than you, under the influence of a lower atmosphere, are capable of feeling for us.

Be very careful that you notice just what are the contents of messages from this plane. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Don't think that just because word comes from those who have passed through what you

call "death," that all they say is reality. They may think it is, but it is not necessarily so. All may have seen the Christ, but that is all the experience meant to some of them. It's like going to see a wonderful picture painted by a renowned artist, and coming away perfectly unimpressed by the message that the picture was intended to convey.

You must believe in Him more and more—praise Him not in word and song only, but in realities, and follow His Divine example, especially in your treatment of others. Praise Him with acts of goodness and loving-kindness to all. Oh, love everybody you see, and do all you yourself can to reflect the Christ so that they can see Him in you. In this way, by first seeing Him in others and by making others see Him in us, we are finally ready for a vision of Christ Himself as a separate personality, which He really is. He is in us and in all, but He Himself also has an existence outside of us—that is, He is another person beside ourselves, and has an individuality just as much, and a great deal more than you or I.

When you see Him, you will see Someone else, just as though you were tomorrow to meet John Smith whom you never saw before, but of whom you had heard a great deal, and whom you had often seen imitated, of course in a very small degree as compared to the sum of all His characteristics.

I think that I will never be tired again,

never, never! I couldn't think of closing my eyes for a moment, for fear that I would miss one second of the glorious opportunity God has revealed!

Oh, fling wide the Gates of Paradise and enter therein, all who are willing to fight for the Saviour of man! Behold the glorious paths of Light thronged with the worshipers clad in sparkling robes of purest light! Shining and radiant, they follow the Christ, the most shining and radiant of all! They follow on, forever on, eternal progress to the throne of God, where sits the Father of man.

See the faces radiant with love and joy, and see the hearts throbbing in tune to the Peace of God. See the little children laughing and clapping their hands, and waving the palm of peace and deliverance! And see that vast dazzling throng extend as far as the eye can see, up, up, up, and out of the range of vision, for they reach to the God of all who sits in the highest place!

You of the earth plane are by no means at the end of the throng—many of you are already in advance of many here. So don't be discouraged—but press on—look all about and see the sights of Paradise as you pass through with the eternal procession. Press on! Press on! See if you can win a place in the front ranks. There is nothing to hinder you, and there is everything to help you—even God!

Christ walks by your side and whispers words of encouragement, lest you falter by the way. "God is our goal!" He tenderly whispers, "so, march on, soldier of God! Stumble not, and we shall stop not; for no night nor danger shall overtake us on our way; neither shall we feel cold nor heat nor hunger nor thirst, and neither shall any be weary, for behold! from now on, all moves towards God; and His Loving Arms are already reaching out towards His children whom He sees coming to Him!"

Some come more slowly and are wont to fall, but Christ lifts them up, and not one is left by the way. All, all are saved, and the Army Victorious proceeds surely, surely to God—to the Eternal Plan for all and all.

Know, then, that ye are one of the ranks of men who are made by God. Think, everybody! God Himself fashioned you, *you*, with His Own Holy Hands! Worship Him, then, and know that He loves you more than aught else—more than the whole universe which also He created!

Peace unto all from God, the Father. From His Throne falls peace upon your hearts—nourish it and let it grow in you until it attains a power which shall overcome all, all things which are unreal, which bring sickness or worry or sorrow or sin or death or evil or lies, or anything which is born of blindness! All these things shall be overcome by Peace. Peace is the Great Con-

queror, created by God to bring to the hearts of men a true sense of Him.

*Life was intended to be a peaceful journey towards God through Paradise, with continued visions of Heaven on the way, in the continual companionship of Christ Jesus.* He leads us through valleys, waters, and over mountains—all beautiful, all symbolizing God. On, on, on! Forever, forever, forever!

To the throne—

Go then—

God keep you safe from the results of your own doubts.

I love you all so much, that I am bound to see these blessings and prayers for you fulfilled. Forever and ever. Amen and Amen.

Phil.



## CONCLUSION

It would be difficult for me of myself to add anything to what has already been told in the messages of this book. Yet, as I write, my mind is again overflowing with beautiful thoughts that Phil is "sending through" to me.

I am sitting very alone in a forest near my summer home; through the pines I catch glimpses of one of the loveliest of American lakes and of the mountains which surround it. To my mind come the words, now so familiar: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth."

As I lie back on the pine needles and close my eyes, I am thinking of my "Credo" as gathered from Christ's own promises which I read from the Bible before me, promises which the world has chosen to almost entirely ignore and discard for about two thousand years!

It comes to me this way:

## CREDO.

(Gen. 18:14; Mt. 19:26; Ephes. 4:6; John 3:16).

I believe in one God, our Father Almighty. I believe that He is a God of Love and Power, "who is above all, and through all, and in you all;" and I believe that with Him "all things are possible."

(John 1:3; 1 John 2:25; 1 John 3:14; Rev. 21:3-7).

I believe that because He is the Creator of all, He is the Creator of Love; I therefore believe that it is His Holy Will that those who love truly, shall never be separated. It follows that so-called death cannot effect a separation.

(2 Cor. 3:18; Gen. 1:27; Gen. 2:5; 2 Cor. 5:1; Ephes. 4:4; 1 John 3:1).

I believe that *all* men are the children of God, and that all are possessors of His Likeness and Image in mind and body. I believe that the body which man now possesses is the same one that he has possessed and will possess throughout all eternity without beginning and without end; but I believe that *this same body* becomes changed according to a man's spiritual development "into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." I believe that man's

body is not material substance, but that it is a spiritual creation, "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

(1 Cor. 15:51-58).

I believe that mind and body are one and the same, in that neither one nor the other shall ever see corruption. I believe that all evil is unreal, an illusion, and of man's creation; I therefore believe that death, the crowning evil, is also unreal, an illusion, and of man's creation.

(Ephes. 3:20; 1 John 5:13-14; Mk. 16: 17-20; Mt. 11:5; John 14:10-14; Mt. 10:7-8).

I believe that man has power to heal the sick, cast out sin, and *raise the dead*. I believe that if man would actually take God at His Word, he would become an instantaneous possessor of all these latent powers. I believe that the necessary condition for the attainment by man of these powers is belief and a *sincere* attempt to live the Christ life. I believe, therefore, that it is as easy to raise a dead man as it is to repel a sinful thought.

(1 Cor. 15:26).

I believe that there are in the world today men who *already possess this power in a developed degree*, but who, being either ignorant or unbelieving of these facts, fail to attempt the performance of Christ's works. I believe, however, that the earth will soon be awakened from its listless sleep in material-

ism, and shall indeed experience the joy of spiritual conquest!

(1 Cor. 15:42; Luke 7:14).

I believe that our loved ones in the seeming "Beyond," which is in reality the "Here," shall be restored to us incorruptible *on earth* as soon as one man shall dare to say to one who lies in the sleep of death: "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

Lastly, I believe in life, life, life! As Philip says to me: "I mean real life, surging, overwhelming, pulsing through every nerve and vein, right through to the very heart and soul! Life! Life! Life! What a wonderful thing it is—this great boon given us by God Almighty! It is everlasting, and nothing can kill what God creates. All that shall see death is error turning upon itself and causing its own destruction!"

May God help us all to discern the folly of our present erroneous beliefs, that we may perform "the works" through the Knowledge and Grace of His Blessed Son, Christ Jesus. Amen.

D. P.

(Note: I earnestly urge all who read this book to look up each Bible reference.)







Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Nov. 2004

**PreservationTechnologies**

A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive  
Cranberry Township, PA 16066  
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 501 740 1

